THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

FOUNDED, A.D. 1821

THE GREAT PIONEER FAMILY PAPER OF AMERICA.

Vol. 75. PUBLISHED WEEKLY, AT No. 726 SANSOM ST. Philadelphia, Saturday, January 11, 1896. FIVE CENTS A COPY. $2.00 A YEAR IN ADVANCE. No. 28

LITTLE BROWN HANDS.

BY L. B. M.

Little brown hands! Ah! what under the sun
Tells us so plainly of mischief and fun?
Always from morning to ev'ning so busy,
Tending the dolly, or pulling the pussy.
Ready for dinner? Your little chair stands
Ready as you are, dear little brown hands!

Little brown hands! As you play in the sun,
Filling the dirt in your wagon—what fun!
Running away with its load to be dumped,
Tumbling and getting up, bumping and bumped.
Making mud pies, or at play on the sands,
Close by the breakers, your roguish brown hands!

Little brown hands! That are pulling the flowers,
Tended by mother for hours and hours.
What will she say when she chances to see
Rosebuds all crumpled as these seem to be?
Darling, that merry smile nothing withstands,
Pluck away, pluck away, little brown hands!

Little brown hands! How at grace they are crossed.
Grace said and over, how quick they are tossed.
Little brown hands! That are busy all day,
Getting so healthful and tanned at their play,
Dearer than titles, or honors, or lands,
Dearer than all things, dear little brown hands!

A WAR WITH FATE

BY THE AUTHOR OF "A FATAL MOMENT," "A RIGHTEOUS RETRIBUTION," "WRECKED," "THE FRUITS OF A CRIME," ETC.

CHAPTER II—(CONTINUED.)

WHEN the rector and his stately daughter had taken their departure, Miss Gunter turned a rather scandalized face towards her radical niece.

"What spirit of mischief has possessed you this afternoon, you wicked girl?" she said, with such evident vexation that a spasm of compunction seized Thir, and she rushed at the dignified little lady and hugged her until she called out for mercy.

"Whatever happens, you precious old darling," she cried, "you must promise not to wear yourself to fiddle strings over my impish whims and fancies. I shall settle down all right after a time, you'll see. People often think me a bit of an earthquake to start with, but they get reconciled to me eventually."

"But," remonstrated Miss Gunter, "it is so unfortunate that it should have been Dora Valland of all people. I saw her look positively startled once or twice while you were talking to her father; and her opinion has so much weight here in Quilter's Common."

"Oh, a straw for Dora Valland's opinion," Thir exclaimed, and then melted again directly she saw her aunt's face downcast.

"Aunt Polly, do you just give me a month's trial," she pleaded, with sudden earnestness, "and, if I don't please your friends in that time, I'll turn over a new leaf, and try to be as quiet and demure as your pet young woman. But honor bright, dear, I always get on splendidly with people as soon as they well know me. Now don't you worry about me any more till the month is up, and then you will wonder why you ever worried at all. Come along, you dear old Madame Decorum, and let us finish the gooseberries before anybody else comes to interrupt us."

And Miss Gunter went, feeling absurdly comforted by her niece's impulsive outburst of affection.

The dear child was so different in all ways from other girls, she argued to herself, that nobody would think of judging her conduct by ordinary standards.

But if Dora Valland's opinion had had all the weight Miss Gunter imputed to it, Thir certainly would have been judged by the ordinary standards, and would as certainly have started acquaintance with the residents of Quilter's Common under all the disadvantages which Miss Gunter had anticipated for her.

It was just after sunset that same evening that Tryan Cambray came strolling past the gate of the Parsonage garden, smoking his after-dinner cigar.

His intention at starting was to walk as far as the Pantiles, have a chat with Mrs Greenbury, borrow the last week's "Field" from that scientific young farmer Teddy, and perhaps, if the light was good enough, have one game of tennis before starting back.

But, when he got to the Parsonage gate, and saw a tall graceful figure flitting about among the flower beds on the lawn, he stopped to say "How d'ye do?" and got no further on his road.

When Miss Valland heard his voice, she hurried towards the gate with a small watering-pot in her hand, holding her soft white skirts carefully away from the drips, looking just as cool, as dainty and beautiful as she had looked some hours before in Miss Gunther's shady drawing-room.

"Oh, I am so glad! I have been waiting to see you!" she exclaimed, setting down the can and pulling off her strong gardening glove to shake hands. "How has the Squire been this trying day?"

"He keeps better, thank you; though he has had one or two symptoms of another attack since the morning. Pray Heaven it may pass off. He has had no time to recover from the prostration of the last one."

"No, indeed!" she replied sympathetically. "He seldom has two so close together, so let us pray it may be a false alarm. It is hard on you, too, Tryan," she went on, after a pause, putting a slim cool hand on his arm as it rested on the top of the gate. "You are looking worn. It troubles me to see you look like that, and I so powerless to help you! If he would only let me take your place in his room for an hour or two now and then, and give you a rest."

As she spoke, her hand slipped slowly down his sleeve until it touched the backs of his fingers and rested there.

"That is out of the question," he said. "And I don't think I would have it different if I could, Dora. I like to think that my presence is the greatest comfort he has."

"It is not difficult to understand," she murmured, with a quick upward glance at his grave face.

She liked his pale, serious look; it gave him an intellectual air, so superior to that of the bucolic young Yorkshiremen round about.

He always looked well in flannels, too; and even the white straw hat and the old gray tweed jacket he was wearing, added to his general attractiveness this evening. Altogether she thought she had never seen him look so thoroughly like her ideal man; and she felt most wrathful towards the person who was threatening to thwart the realization of her one dream.

"It is natural he should feel you are his one comfort," she said softly. "You are a comforter by nature, Tryan." And she pressed his fingers with the faintest pressure possible.

"Dear Dora!" he said, turning his hand over to clasp hers; but she noticed that, when he had clasped it, he placed it back on the gate at once, and put his own hands into his pockets. Certainly it might have been because the silence of the evening was broken at the moment by the sound of an approaching footstep; but it seemed to her that he was in a greater hurry to get rid of her hand than the occasion necessitated.

As the footstep approached them, he stood a little back from the gate and waited. It was a girl well and neatly dressed, not without an air of coquetry in her walk and the carriage of her small head.

Miss Valland bade her "Good evening!" as she passed; and, in answering the young lady's greeting, she flashed a swift glance at Tryan, whose hand went to his hat in response.

"Of course," he exclaimed, when the girl had passed—"that is the likeness that puzzled me!"

Dora looked at him inquisitively.

"What likeness?" she asked.

And, though he would rather have held his peace, he could not well avoid replying—

"The likeness between that girl and Miss Gunter's niece."

"Between Mrs. Greenbury's housemaid and Miss Bright?" she said, in a tone of disapproval. "Not very complimentary to Miss Bright!"

"But I think it is—very complimentary," he returned, with decision. "I call Mrs. Greenbury's maid a very pretty girl."

Miss Valland's lips was curved contemptuously as she observed—

"I did not know you paid so much attention to the looks of servant maids."

"I don't think I do, as a rule," he rejoined—and, though his face had flushed at her tone, his manner was perfectly quiet and unruffled; "but this one is so unusually good-looking that a man would have to be blind not to notice it."

"You think Miss Bright pretty, then?" And, in spite of all her efforts to the contrary, Miss Valland's lips tightened as she put the question.

"Oh, yes, she's pretty!" he replied, in the tone of one sure of his ground. "She's not so positively pretty as that girl, though," he added, turning to look after the trim little maid tripping along the road towards the Hall. "Ellen has more color and straighter features, and yet, in the outline of the face and figure, and in the eyes, too, there is a really striking likeness. She's a fascinating little creature, isn't she—Miss Bright?"

Miss Valland shrugged her graceful shoulders slightly and began to smooth out the damp fingers of her glove on the rail of the gate, so that he should not see the anger in her eyes.

"Rather outlandish and brusque, isn't she?" she asked, with a steady voice.

"It did not strike me so," he said. "I thought her most delightful.

Miss Valland's mortification was so great at the moment that she could not have spoken without betraying herself, so she remained silent.

"Well, I think I will get back," he went on quietly, unconscious of the storm brewing close by him. "I meant to go on to the Greenburys', but the time has passed so quickly I think I had better go straight home. By George, Dora, that girl has turned off by the quarry path across the common! What can she be going along that lonely road for at this time of night?"

Leaning over the gate and looking down the road, Miss Valland caught a last glimmer of Ellen Bardell's light dress vanishing round the gorse bushes on the common.

"Some assignation possibly," she said negligently. "She is the sort of girl to have half a dozen sweethearts. She is a Hull girl; Mrs. Greenbury told me so. I would not have a servant from Hull if she came to me for nothing. My father says there is almost always a low standard of morality among the poorer classes where there is a large sea-going population."

"I dare say," replied Tryan absently, as if the topic did not interest him; and Miss Valland, quick to note his moods, turned the conversation towards Thirsa Bright again, and set her lips and knitted her brows when she saw how the return to this topic riveted his wandering attention at once.

But the summer mists were rising, and he would not keep her out there in the damp. It was scarcely five minutes after Ellen Bardell had turned off across the common when Tryan said "Good night!" to Miss Valland, and started down the lonely road towards the Hall, the way she had gone.

CHAPTER III.

DORA VALLAND did not turn and go indoors when Tryan Cambray left her, as he had advised; she waited, with her hands on the top rail of the garden gate, leaning over it to peer down the road after the young man.

It was plain that she had some definite object in waiting, for she watched him intently until he reached that point in the road where the quarry path turned across the common—about half way between the Parsonage and the entrance gates of the Hall—and, when he turned off into the path, instead of keeping straight on round the bend of the road, Dora raised her hands swiftly from the gate, and clasped them together across her throat vehemently, muttering softly—

"Just what I thought! He has followed that girl!"

Whatever mad idea she had in her mind, it had sufficient influence over her to dispel all thoughts of decorum or conventionality. Opening the gate, she passed out on the public road, and, after pausing for a moment, as if suddenly conscious of the impropriety of her conduct, she muttered passionately—

"Nothing shall stop me! I'll see this out; if he never speaks to me again!" And she ran lightly and quickly down the road.

The light was very dim by this time, and, when she reached the path, she stood for a moment staring intently across the slight upward slope of the common for some sign of those she was following.

Behind her, on the other side of the road, lay the dense shadow of the Cambray plantations; away on her left hand stretched the quarter of a mile of straight road which she had just traversed, still and lonely and gray in the summer twilight, skirting the side of the common, without railing or hedge of any kind, until the high garden wall of the Parsonage closed the view in abruptly.

On her right hand, round the bend in the road at about the same distance, lay the Cambray lodge, with a light glimmering in the lower window. Before her was the gentle-rising common, with the pathway curving round the clumps of brambles and furze bushes until it was hidden from sight behind a group of white-boled birch trees, just where the ground took a steeper curve upwards towards Gillian's Hood.

Half way up this steeper curve was the stone quarry—a stiff ten minutes' climb—looking like a rugged white hole in the side of the hill; and, beyond the quarry, again the path peeped here and there out of the green, as it wound its way towards Crake, a small village a couple of miles on the other side of the range towards Hull.

Dora Valland, standing there in the

gloaming, the only living thing within sight, realised suddenly the desolation of her surroundings, and, without any serious cause whatever, her pulses began to beat in the most extraordinary fashion, as if she had received a violent shock.

The next moment she heard a shrill scream from somewhere up on the hillside. She stood transfixed, listening to the echoes as they died away in the distance, trying to decide whether it was a human cry or the shriek of a hoot-owl. But she was unable to make up her mind on the point, and, calling her strong natural courage to her aid, she started running up the quarry path, hoping to see some signs of Tryan as soon as she should get beyond the group of birch trees.

But, when she had reached them and could see the path without any obstacle stretching away up the side of the hill right to the mouth of the quarry, there were still no signs of a living creature to be seen. She waited to take breath. Should she go on and solve the mystery of Tryan's evening promenade, or should she go back? Her jealousy answered the question for her. She would not return until she had discovered what attraction had drawn Tryan so far afield this summer evening.

Straining her nerves for a great effort, she climbed up the hillside, and did not stop again until she came to the mouth of the quarry. Here she paused for a moment, not knowing whether to explore the yawning cavity or to go straight on towards Craik. She was above the ground-mists here, and she could see the large yellow moon over the low hill-line to the east.

It was already lighting up the exposed face of the little mountain; but the quarry, shut in by its steep sides, looked by contrast like a cave of blackness. Unknown to herself, this fact influenced her decision, for, after that slight pause, she turned from the quarry mouth, and, pressing her hand tightly over her panting heart, she went on higher and higher towards Craik.

The next time she stopped she did so almost involuntarily. She thought she heard a footstep below her. She was above the quarry by this time; the path wound round the steep sides of the excavation, near enough to the edge to make a person with weak nerves feel qualmish. But Dora Valland had no such fears as she waited, listening again for the sound of stones scrunching under a footfall which had seemed to come out of the dense shadow of the quarry under her very feet.

Yes—there it was again, the regular "scrunch, scrunch" of a strong tread!

Moving cautiously down the slope to the edge, she went down upon her knees, and, leaning forward on her hands, peered over. Whoever it was walking about down there, she was bound to see him come out, for the narrow entrance to the quarry was opposite to her, with the bright moonlight full upon it. Nobody could pass out without her getting a clear view of them.

She heard the footsteps quite plainly now; the person, whoever it was, seemed to be walking about, up and down and round and round, as if searching for something. There was apparently only one person there, for she heard no voices. It seemed to her that she had been crouching there for an hour at least, when at last she saw the figure of a man in the opening, outlined against the brightness beyond. The next instant he passed out into the moonlight, and she recognized the white hat and trousers and the old gray jacket which Tryan Cambray was wearing that evening.

Her first impulse was to call out to him; but there was something so odd in his hurried impetuous movements that she waited an expectant silence, almost sure that somebody must be following him, and that she would see that somebody dash out into the moonlight after him.

So she crouched there, holding her breath in her eager anticipation of what was about to happen. But the seconds passed one after another without movement or sound, save the occasional roll of a stone down the steep path, loosened by Tryan's hasty tread.

The belief that there had been somebody in the quarry with him clung so tenaciously to her that he was away beyond reach of her voice before she could persuade herself that she had seen or heard all she was likely to see and hear that night.

Baffled and disappointed, she scrambled back from the edge to the safe footing of the path, and walked back to the Rectory, as she had come, without meeting any one.

CHAPTER IV.

WHEN Dora Valland awoke the next morning, her first impression was that her walk to the quarry had not really taken place—that it was, in fact, only an unusually vivid dream. But, when she saw the stains of moisture on the hems of her white skirts, she knew better; she knew that she had really crossed the common and brushed the heavy dew from the bracken and heather on the hillside. And what good had she done by her mad escapade? It was an insane proceeding altogether, begun under the influence of a silly impulse, and ending, as it deserved to end, in nothing.

While she was still thinking of the stupidity of the whole affair, she suddenly remembered that the Rector would require his breakfast half an hour sooner than usual that morning. He was to start at half-past eight for York, to attend the opening of a series of meetings which would detain him in the cathedral city for at least four days.

Long afterwards Dora often asked herself if things might not have happened very differently but for the chance which left her so completely to herself just then. The preparations for her father's early start distracted her thoughts and kept her busy till he was safely off. It was even then not eight o'clock, and there was still a trace of the early morning freshness left in the air.

After she had watched the Rector until he turned round into the High Street, Dora still stood upon the steps, enjoying the scent of the blossoming heather blowing straight to her from the neighboring moorland; and then, enticed by the beauty around her, she went down the steps and strolled round the garden on that side of the house nearest to the church, noting a score of little things to be attended to when the cool of the evening should make garden-work endurable again.

For the moment she had forgotten the past night's adventure entirely, and, when she heard in the churchyard beyond the high close thorn hedge, be measured tread of many feet, as of men bearing a burden, and saw above the hedge a collection of shabby caps moving along in unison, although she guessed that something terrible had happened, she never thought of connecting the incident in any way with the scream she had heard in the twilight on the hillside.

She waited for a moment, shrinking with a natural repugnance from facing a new horror; but, when she heard the click of the gate which opened from the garden into the churchyard, and saw a man running up the path to the side door, she put her squeamishness aside and ran across the lawn, reaching the door at the same time as the breathless runner. As she came up to him, the man faced round and pulled off his cap; and, with a sudden chill, she recognized him as one of the quarrymen.

"It's the key of the mortuary I've come after, miss," said the man, passing the back of his toil-hardened hand across his lips as he spoke, as if desirous to hide their twitching from her.

Looking keenly at him, she saw the sickly pallor under his tan, and noted how the moisture was trickling from under the short hair at his temples.

"What is it, Mason?" she asked quickly. "What has happened?"

"There's been a bit of an accident, miss," he answered, speaking in a halting jerky manner, as if he were reluctant to speak at all. "We've found a young woman—up yonder—at' quarry, an'—an' we've brought her down"

"To the mortuary?" gasped Dora, with a sudden choking sensation. In that one breathless instant she seemed to grasp the awful truth. She put her hands to her throat and swayed slightly under the horror of it all; she would perhaps have lost consciousness if she had not seen a look of surprise in Mason's eyes as he noted her extraordinary agitation. This recalled her to a sense of the necessity for self-control. She steadied herself by sheer force of will, and asked, in a voice husky and strained with the effort she was making. "You said an accident; do you mean she is—dead?"

"Yes, miss—dead an' cold. We found her lyain' all in a heap atween t' hut where we eats our dinner an' t' side of t' quarry. You mind t' hut, miss, just as you go in from the path?"

Dora nodded her head.

"Well, she were thrust in atween that and t' quarry side, with her shawl thrown over her. We shouldn't have seen her, but for Jim Evans' dog; he went snuffin' about, an' kicked up such a chindy that we went to see what was up. Her face is smashed in—awful, miss!"

"Was it an accident, do you think?"

Mason shook his head quietly.

"How did she get there behind t' hut, miss?"

The inference was unquestionable. Miss Valland drew a long quivering sigh and passed on to the next point, turning to the door as she spoke, and thus hiding her face while she received the inevitable answer.

"Did anybody recognise her? Is she anybody belonging to Quilter's Common?"

"One of t' lads said as she were one of t' servant-girls up to Mrs. Greenbury's—a Hull girl; but I forget t' name, miss."

Miss Valland opened the door then, went on down the passage to the kitchen, took the bunch of church keys from their nail, and handed them to the man, who hurried off again, apparently glad to get away.

The Rector's daughter, left to herself, leaned for a moment against the kitchen table, and then, as if she found herself unable to support her own weight, crept along the length of the table and sank into the wooden chair by the window.

In the scullery beyond she could hear Ursula singing in her funny cracked voice, and knew by the clatter of crockery that she was washing up the breakfast-dishes. Looking through the open kitchen door down the side passage opposite, across the whole width of the house, she could see the little churchyard gate at the end of the path standing open, and above the hedge she could also see the men's heads moving about as they prepared to carry their burden into the little dead-house at the far-end of the church.

She could hear no sound from them: they were doing their duty silently, impressed perhaps by the horror of it all. And, if it was horrible for them, what must it be for her, knowing what she did of the circumstances of the murder? How should she ever look Tryan Cambray in the face again without betraying her knowledge of his guilt?

She never could. She must go right away somewhere, so that she might not meet him again until the memory of the past night's business was dim in both their minds. And yet, on the other hand, might it not be better to see him at once? Whatever agitation she showed could be reasonably set down at her natural horror at the event itself.

Rising hastily, she hurried into the dining-room and stood by the window, which commanded a view of half the length of the road between the Parsonage and the Hall, meaning to watch there until she saw Tryan, so that she might run out and get the first meeting over under cover of her present emotion.

When Ursula needed the orders for dinner, she came and found her mistress still at the window; and there she was still an hour later, when Mr. Cambray's old Irish servant came down with a message for the Rector.

"Mr. Tryan would be much obliged if his riverence would step up in the course of the day and talk and read a bit wid his honor; he is so bad wid the pain ag'in that he is prayin' to die all the time."

After that, Dora gave up her watch by the window. Though the world itself were shaken from its foundations, she knew Tryan Cambray would not leave his father's bedside while he had such need of comfort as that message implied.

She tried to take up her usual routine of house duties, but clear thought on any subject was impossible to her. At last she grew alarmed at her condition. If her father found her like this on his return, he would want to know the reason; she must regain her self-control by some means. She would walk up to the top of the hill and have an hour's exercise in the refreshing upland air; that was the most likely thing to steady her nerves.

She put on her hat and gloves, and took a large white umbrella and started. She did not take the quarry path to the hill; she went round the outside of the churchyard, and struck across the open moorland at once, following a tiny footway worn by the residents of a farm on the hills, on their way to and from church.

But, though she had started with the firm intention to avoid the neighborhood of the quarry, it seemed as if a power stronger than her own will drew her towards the horrible place, for, without knowing that she had left the farm path, she found herself presently standing a long way up Gillian's Hood, looking down into the quarry at a great distance below her.

At this height the ground was stony and barren: but even here there were clumps of bramble bushes clinging to the steep face of the hill; and, in going round one of these, she came abruptly upon a sleeping man, lying half under the trailing branches, with one cheek resting on an outstretched arm, and one hand thrust into the bosom of his shirt.

Accustomed though she was to mixing with all sorts and conditions of men, and being thoroughly at her ease with them, Miss Valland felt unpleasantly startled by this meeting on the lonely hillside.

The sleeper was a stranger to her, and apart from that, there was a touch of savagery in the gold rings in his ear, the length of his curly black hair, and dark matted beard which did not recommend a closer acquaintance to her.

She turned back hurriedly on her path, meaning to get beyond his sight as quickly as possible; but she was too late. She had not taken half a dozen steps before she was brought to a halt by a gruff voice hailing her.

"Hi, missus!"

She paused, then turned and faced him.

He had raised himself into a sitting posture, and was looking straight at her with bright dark eyes. His hands was still thrust into his bosom; but now that he was sitting upright, she could see what it was he had clutched in his grip, for from under the wri t, pressed closely against his breast, there peeped the corner of a flimsy pink and white check silk necktie.

In spite of his unprepossessing appearance, he inquired civily enough if she could direct him the nearest way to regain the high road to Hull.

She pointed at first to the main Hull road, curving round the Cambray plantations at a great distance underneath them; but he shook his head.

"Not that way," he said. "I thought there was another way, on the other side of the hills here."

She pointed out the Craik path to him as it wound along round the shoulder of the hill, half way between where they were and the quary, and explained that by following that he would reach Craik, which was on the road between Beverly and Hull; and he thanked her with a certain rough politeness.

During the few minutes occupied in these questions and answers her eyes were fixed, in a frightened furtive fashion, on the fragment of pink and white silk under his wrist, as if there were some fascination for her in that piece of cheap finery.

As soon as she had passed beyond his view, she ran, heedless of heat or risk, down the steep hillside, without once stopping until she found herself just above the quarry, within hailing distance of the group of curious gazers who were already gathered round the scene of the tragedy.

The sound of their gossiping voices reassured her, and she ventured now to look behind, expecting to see the dark-bearded stranger tramping along the path to Craik; but he was nowhere to be seen. Astonished, she waited some minutes, wondering at this strange disappearance. Once she fancied she saw a dark object pass quickly from one clump of branches to another; but at that distance she could not be sure; and, besides, it could hardly be a man, for it seemed to be moving along on all fours.

This rencontre, following so quickly on her experience of the night before, filled her with a haunting half-superstitious terror. She began to ask herself whether the impulse to follow Tryan Cambray last night and the impulse to take this long climb up the hillside this morning were purely natural—whether they were not part of one plan for the accomplishment of some purpose at present hidden from her. She walked home self absorbed; and the mood lasted, with scarcely any intermission, during the next few days.

Alone in the house—for busy Ursula could scarcely be reckoned as company—she shut herself up in her own room for hours, sitting with her head in her hand, thinking—always thinking.

She heard that the inquest had been adjourned for three days to allow inquiries to be made, and she spent the three days' grace thus accorded her in arguing unceasingly with herself; and at the end of the three days she had come to a decision.

During this three days' seclusion she heard no word of Tryan.

CHAPTER V.

ON THE day of the adjourned inquest there was quite a concourse of people gathered together in the High Street at Quilter's Common. It looked as if the whole population of the little place were collected in groups on the broad open space in front of the "Whitesheaf," where the coroner was sitting.

Miss Valland had taken great pains to find out the time at which the inquiry would begin and how long it was likely to last; and about half an hour after the arrival of the coroner she was walking quietly down the High Street, as faultlessly dressed, as stately, and looking as handsome as she had ever been and looked in her life.

The village folk, turning to greet her as she passed them, remarked to one another on her beauty: while she, pleasantly conscious of the stir caused by her appearance, made straight for the door of the picturesque inn, guarded on this special occasion by the village constable.

The people wondered among themselves as they saw Miss Valland approached the door—it was not like "t' passon's daughter" to mix herself up in queer things of that sort, they said, in visible surprise. But Dora, with the air of a person who had quite decided on her course of action, quietly made her inquiry of the official at the door, unconscious and probably heedless of any gossip going on behind her.

Would Beresford be good enough to take her name in to the coroner, and ask him to see her for five minutes, as she had something very important to communicate?

Beresford, very proud of his position, and very curious, instead of doing her bidding at once, hesitated, hoping she might perhaps make her communication to him; and in that moment's delay Tryan Cambray entered round the corner into the High Street.

Miss Valland drew herself up haughtily and turned her back upon the discomfited Beresford.

"Never mind, thank you," she said; "I will consult Mr. Cambry about it," and she went over to where Tryan, standing in the midst of a group of anxious questioners, was answering inquiries about his father's condition.

As a malicious fate would have it, he had not seen Miss Valland, and, just before she reached him, he caught sight of Thir Bright coming out of the post-office, a little distance up the street. In a moment he had swung himself from his horse and tossed the bridle to his nearest neighbor.

"Put him in the shade; I shall be back in a second!" he called out, and started at a smart run for the village emporium, where Miss Bright was standing, slipping letters into the post-box.

It was all done so quickly that he was already nearly at the post-office before Miss Valland realized his intention. But, when she saw who it was that had caused him to hurry off so suddenly, she stood for a few moments looking after him, rather at a loss how to act. Her discomposure however soon passed away. She became conscious that one or two of the bystanders were looking at her slyly, as if to see how she would take the contretemps, and, with a laugh and a shrug of the shoulders, she moved away slowly and gracefully in the direction of the post-office, where Tryan was just raising his hat to Miss Gunter's niece.

Those near to the Rector's daughter—most of them people who had known her and Tryan Cambray since they were children together—glanced at one another rather meaningly. One old man, a wicked old reprobate who had received many a well merited rebuke from the stately young lady, even went so far as to thrust his tongue into his cheek and wink openly at the man next to him.

"Does the windblow from that quarter?" he chuckled unctuously. "Then you mark my words, Bill Trueman—there'll be a shindy! That young madam ain't the right sort to sit down quiet and see another party walk her beau off from under her very nose! She's got claws, that one has, and, if you put her back up, she'll scratch. You see now!"

If at the moment of making his remark Miss Valland's face had been visible to the speaker, he would have seen there corroboration of his assertion. With her eyes on the unconscious pair ahead of her, she sauntered slowly forward, to all appearance quite content to wait until their very animated greetings were finished before claiming their attention.

But, if anybody had been near enough to read aright the fixed purpose of her glance and the venomous rigidity of her tightly-compressed lips, he would most assuredly have labelled her mood as dangerous, and, if he had been a person of discernment, he would have gone yet farther in his diagnosis, and declared that the danger lay more immediately in the direction of those gay young people just ahead of her, who were showing so very plainly how delightful they found each other's society.

She paused while she was still two or three houses distant from them, and, lowering her white umbrella over her face, stood still and motionless for some moments, with her eyes fixed upon the ground, and her disengaged hand clenched so tightly among the folds of her dress that its well-cut glove split under the strain. This trifling occurrence served in some measure to recall her to herself; it reminded her that she was showing too much of what she was feeling. She set her head back with an air of determination.

"It shall never be so," she murmured between her closed teeth—"never—not if I sacrifice the whole of my life to prevent it!" And then, with a quiet cold smile of greeting, she walked on towards Miss Bright.

"I expected to see you before this, Tryan," she said, when she had shaken hands with Thir, turning with an air of reproach to the young man. "I thought the parsonage would certainly be your first place of call when you could leave your father."

"But this is the first time I have left him," he replied, looking slightly mystified at the attack. "And I did call at the parsonage, my dear girl, but there was nobody at home except Ursula. What is all this shocking business about that poor girl, Dora? Do you remember we saw her on the very night of her death?"

"Oh, yes—I remember!" returned Miss Valland, raising her eyes to his face with such swift meaning in their glance that he stared back in amazement; and Thir began to ask herself what this sly young woman was playing at now. "I don't think I am ever likely to forget it to the day of my death. I wish I could! Don't let us say any more about it, please;" and she passed her handkerchief over her mouth, and turned her head slightly away, as if she were more agitated than she cared for them to see.

"My," exclaimed Thir, her small face breaking into mischievous smiles and dimples—"all that sounds very mysterious, not to say tragic, Miss Valland! I'm downright dying with curiosity to know what it means! Do you know, Mr. Cambray? Do tell!"

"I would if I could," he said, smiling good-temperedly; "but I don't know anything more than just what I said. I was standing at the Parsonage gate on Monday evening when this girl——"

Miss Valland turned towards him with a gesture of passionate entreaty.

"Tryan, for my sake, if not for your own, I beg of you to be silent!" she cried, in a low tone of terror. "I cannot bear it—indeed I cannot!"—and she put her hand over her eyes and stood with bent head, breathing heavily.

"My dear girl, I'm awfully sorry," said Tryan, putting his hand soothingly upon her shoulder. "I won't say another word; though, upon my life, I can't see why you should be upset like this! There—I've finished!" he added, as she flashed another glance at him full of the most poignant reproach. "I'll tell Miss Bright all about it some other time. When do you expect the Rector back from York?"

The change of topic was too abrupt for the talk to flow smoothly again directly; and Thir, irritated by Miss Valland's tragedy-queen airs, and determined not to be crushed by them, took up the conversation and kept it going without effort, in spite of Dora's troubled glances and sighs and general air of mental suffering.

Presently, while they were still chatting, there was a stir among the people down by the "Wheatsheaf," and the coroner's dog-cart was brought round to the door.

"It is over," said Tryan. "Let us go down and hear what the verdict is."

Thir rather expected that Miss Valland would object to this; but she offered no opposition, and they mingled with the little crowd.

"Verdict of murder against some person or persons unknown," said Teddy Greenbury quietly, as he came up and shook hands with Tryan. "A terrible business, isn't it? My mother and the girls are completely prostrated with the horror and worry of it all. How are you, Miss Valland? You look upset, too, with all this excitement. Tryan, I want you to introduce me to Miss Bright, so that I may tender my mother's excuses for not calling. You see, the poor murdered girl was my mother's parlor-maid, Miss Bright, and she has been considerably troubled about it all."

"I quite understand," responded Thir. "Please don't say anything about excuses."

"Such a pretty little darling she was, too! [illegible] Do you remember how you saw her, Tryan, a few [illegible] you saw her?" awfully struck you were with her looks?"

Miss Valland looked at Tryan in such a sudden scared way that Thir glanced instinctively at him too, and was surprised to see him change color; but, if he was vexed at Dora's marked manner of drawing attention to him, he managed to suppress his feelings.

"Yes—I did think her remarkably pretty," he admitted frankly. "But Miss Valland thinks a man has no right to notice a girl's looks at all unless she belongs to his own class; she gave me quite a lecture about it last Monday evening. We were talking of you, Miss Bright, and I ventured to say you were like this poor Ellen Bardell."

"So you are," exclaimed Teddy—"decidedly like! At a distance or in a dim light you might easily be mistaken for her."

"This is distinctly trying to my excessive modesty!" said Thir, with a demure glance which set the two young men laughing; and Dora Valland, with a chilling air of disapproval, moved away to speak to the coroner, who had just appeared in the doorway of the inn.

"Now I am to be punished for my disgusting frivolity," said little Miss Bright again, looking in mock dismay after the dignified young lady; "I conclude there's nothing for it but to make myself scarce at once. My aunts are awfully afraid I shall come to social shipwreck among you people here, Mr. Greenbury, because of a bad habit I have of doing as I think right, without bothering about the neighbors. So, out of consideration for their feelings, I'll deny myself the pleasure of further converse with you gentlemen, though I'd rather stay, you know. Good-bye! Tell your mother not to put herself to any inconvenience on my behalf. I'd come to her instead, only aunt Polly would have a fit at the idea! Good-bye, Mr. Cambray!"

"Oh, I'll come part of the way home with you, if I may!" exclaimed Tryan. "I have some business to see to at the post office."

"Why, certainly! I'll be glad enough to have your company," she replied, with prompt candor, "if you don't think Miss Valland will object."

He answered the direct remark with a look of blank surprise, and then laughed and turned off at her side, with a parting wave of the hand to Teddy.

It seemed for a little while as if it was to be a silent walk up the High street to Dale Cottage; but Thir Bright was nothing if not courageous, and, if her fearless straightforward speaking often got her into a fix, it as often got her out again.

"Say, Mr. Cambray," she broke out, after a brief silence—"did I put my foot in it just now?"

"How?" he asked, smiling readily enough as she turned her eager questioning face towards him. "In what way, Miss Bright?"

"Now that's not just straight dealing," she replied gravely. "You know just what I mean; but I'll put it plainer, if you like. Did I make a mistake when I classed you with Miss Valland just now? I've an idea in my head that you two are going to be married some day. Is it right or wrong?"

"Wrong!"

"Well, then I calculate I'll speak the whole truth for once, and say I'm real glad to know it!"

Tryan laughed heartily at her emphatic earnestness, but he looked rather serious directly afterwards

"I wish you would tell me why you thought that Miss Bright. Has anybody said anything of the sort to you? You see, it isn't a nice thing for a girl to have her name bandied about like that; and, if I found anybody doing it, I'd soon put a stop to it!"

"No—nobody said it," she answered, quite determined not to give him her real reason. "Perhaps it was because we call each other by our first names and seem so thoroughly at home."

"Oh, everybody understands how that is!" he said, with relief in his tone and manner. "Dora Valland and I have been like brother and sister ever since we learned the alphabet out of the same book. Everybody here knows exactly how it is with Dora and me. It's funny, isn't it, that, though I can see how much handsomer and cleverer and better in all ways she is than any other girl of my acquaintance, I have never felt the least attracted by her—not in that way, you know? If we were thrown on a desert island she and I, we should be the most miserable people in the world—we should get so heartily sick of each other.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Bric-a-Brac.

HE AIMED HIGH.—President Lincoln once had a singular interview with a persevering stranger. This was a man who had been noticed hanging about the White House in Washington. Asked his business, he said he wanted to see Mr. Lincoln, and was not going away until he had seen him. Ultimately the President granted the visitor an interview. "Say, Mr. Lincoln," he began, "do you want a Secretary of War? For if you do, I'm your man." The President informed him that at that moment he was not in need of such an article. With that the stranger withdrew, but as he was leaving the room he turned and said, "Say, Mr. Lincoln, have you such a thing as a pair of old trousers?" After a hearty laugh, Lincoln told his visitor he almost deserved the secretaryship, "because," he added, "you aim high."

HONEY MAKING MADE EASY.—It is related of a Parisian bee master that he brought his hives into the city and set them up in a park adjoining a sugar warehouse. This may have been done by way of experiment, or it may have been mere artfulness. At any rate, the busy insect, instead of seeking the open flowers in the distant fields and gardens, turned in at their next-door neighbor's, and made themselves at home with his hogsheads of sugar. Their gluttony and greed, however, soon betrayed them, for they were seen by-and-by floundering about on the pavement, their load of honeyed sweetness being more than they could bear.

HEROISM ON A BIRTHDAY.—It is recorded of a little Sydney boy that he had allowed his mother's birthday to dawn without having anything to give her. This was, to him, a terrible state of things, and seemed to call for a desperate remedy. He began by offering her, one after another, every toy he owned, but she was too good-natured to take them. At last, after carefully considering the whole matter he said, with a degree of earnestness which showed how much he felt the sacrifice he was about to propose, "I know what I'll do: I'll take a dose of castor-oil for you!" The resources of heroism, so far as he was concerned, were exhausted.

WHERE BOOTS ARE FORBIDDEN.—Though there may be nothing like leather, as the saying is, in India one needs to be careful about the wearing of it. No visitor to a Hindoo temple is allowed to enter until he has taken off his boots. They will permit him to wear cotton slippers (which are provided for this purpose at some of the famous temples), but leather, being part of a dead animal, is regarded as impure, and must not be used on holy ground. When the late Dr. Wilson of Bombay visited some temples in Guzerat, he was required to remove his boots. For fear of catching cold through walking about on stone pavements in his stockings, he was not inclined to take them off, but at last settled the matter by hiring a native to carry him round on his back. Pickaback is all very fine when the burden is a little girl or boy, but, Dr. Wilson being a big man, the native repented him of his bargain. However, he managed everything to his satisfaction—there being no Hindoo about—by setting Dr. Wilson on his feet whenever he wanted to examine the carvings and writings on the sculptures.

THE LION, THE KEEPER, AND THE TAMER.—It is not often that a menagerie offers such a scene of keen excitement as was once witnessed during the stay of a wild beast show at Birmingham. The keeper had gone into the lion's cage to clean it, but had omitted to see that the sliding door which divided the cage into two compartments was securely closed. He had hardly begun his work when an old lion, hurling itself against the door, forced it open and seized the man. The onlookers were powerless with consternation, but the lion-tamer happened to be about, and, with real courage, at once entered the den. He fired a pistol loaded with blank cartridge in the brute's face, but to no purpose. Thereupon he belabored it with blows with the loaded butt of his whip. At first this shower of strokes only angered the lion into savage cries, but at last the tamer dealt it a blow between the eyes which stunned the animal for the moment, and during this short interval the tamer seized the poor keeper and succeeded in hauling him out of the cage.

WASHING.—Washing was and is still done in Japan by putting in a boat and letting the garments drag after the boat by a long string.

AN IMPRESSION.

BY M. B.

A wind-swept sky,
The waste of moorland stretching to the west;
The sea, low moaning in a strange unrest—
A seagull's cry.

Washed by the tide
The rocks lie sullen in the waning light;
The foam breaks in long strips of hungry white,
Dissatisfied.

Above, around,
Thunderous calm of drought that kills and scars,
Silence, in travail, waiting birth of tears,—
No conscious sound.

Only the stir
Of some small insect life within the land;
The lapping of the waves upon the sand,
A cornerake's whirr.

Upon the hill
The gorse seems thirsting for the rain; afar,
Low poised on the horizon line, a star
Shines, lonely still.

OUT IN THE WORLD

BY THE AUTHOR OF "OLD MIDDLETON'S MONEY," "ROBA'S LOVE TEST," "A SHADOW ON THE THRESHOLD."

CHAPTER XXXVI.—(Continued.)

"I ADVISED him, if he were quite determined not to return to England, to purchase a farm. I promised to leave no stone unturned in my efforts to remove the obstacles in the way of his coming back. Perhaps some evidence may be forthcoming which may tend to lighten the charge against him; but I dared not count upon it. Everything looks so black against him, and, although I begged him to return, I cannot but feel that if I were in his place, I should act as he is acting.

The Earl sighed heavily.

"Yes," he said, "I fear you are right, Stannard—he could not come back. But what a weight you have lifted from my mind—though I knew that he could not have been guilty of murder outright! What he did was done in self-defence! We must try and console ourselves with that reflection. You say that he is much changed?"

"Greatly changed," said Stannard, in a low voice. "All his old wildness seems to have left him. He sent to you and dear Lady Janet a tender and most loving message."

Lady Janet tried to stifle her sobs. The Earl rose and moved out of the light.

"He begged me to ask you both to forgive him for all the pain and trouble he had caused you, and to believe that for the future his life should be without reproach."

There was silence for a moment or two. Stannard straightened himself, and drew a long breath. He had nearly got through his task—had nearly played the whole of the difficult part with great and finished art. But not quite; there was still the finishing touch to be applied. He looked round and wiped his lips.

"It was a most trying and affecting scene," he said; "the solemn loneliness of the place, Heriot's grief, the terrible story the fatal struggle, will never leave me while I live. Before we parted, I asked him to give me some small thing belonging to home, that I might bring it to you as a token of his affection and reformation. He had nothing but this ring."

He took the turquoise ring from his pocket, and looked at it sadly.

"I do not know whether you will recognize it—it is a lady's ring. Perhaps"—his voice dropped reverently—"it was his mother's, or yours, Lady Janet?"

He placed the ring in her outstretched, trembling hand. She wiped her eyes and looked at the ring.

"No," she said, "it was not his mother's, nor mine."

Lord Averleigh took the ring and examined it.

"I do not remember it," he said. "I do not remember his mother having a turquoise ring."

Stannard looked from one to the other.

"May I see it?" asked Mr. Winsdale, in a low voice.

The Earl gave it him, and he carried it to the light.

Obeying an impulse, Eva moved to his side, and looked down at the ring in his hand. As she did so, she seemed to grow dizzy. She recognized the ring as the one she had given the tramp who had saved her life on the common. It seemed incredible—impossible!

She took the ring, and almost unconsciously slipped it on her finger. It fitted exactly. As she gazed at it there rose before her the scene of that morning when the man she had seen lying in the brake was racing beside the pony to save her from a horrible death; and gradually his resemblance to Heriot Fayne—a resemblance which had never presented itself to her before—grew upon her. It was he!

She stifled the cry that threatened to burst from her lips, and stood looking straight before her, a strange impression in her eyes, her hands pressed tightly on the table to prevent her from falling.

"It may have been his mother's," said the Earl; "one she wore in her girlhood. She may have come across it one day, and given it to him, when a boy."

Stannard drew a breath of relief.

"I am glad that I have brought it," he said.

Eva crossed the room to Lady Janet.

"Here is the ring," she said, in a tremulous voice, as she tried to slip the ring off her finger; but, though it had gone on with little difficulty, it stuck fast, as is not uncommon with rings that have not been worn for some time. "I cannot get it off!" she said, almost piteously.

Lady Janet took her hand, and held it fast.

"Never mind, dear," she said; "you shall give it to me some other time."

Eva kissed her with a gratitude that Lady Janet was far from guessing; then she moved away to a more shaded part of the room, and stood with the window-curtain in her hand, looking upon the moonlight scene without.

Heriot Fayne had saved her life. She loved him—surely she had loved him from the very day he had stood between her and death! And he, the bravest, the noblest man she had ever met, was a fugitive from justice, an exile from his native land. Though she should live to be an old woman, worn and gray, she should never see him again. Her heart ached, the tears rose to her eyes. Presently she heard a soft step behind her, and Stannard stood by her side. He took her hand and kissed it with passionate devotion.

"It is a cruel fate for me, dearest," he said, "that on this, the night of my return to you, I should bring them such bad news. It has distressed you very much, I fear, Eva. Have I acted wisely, done right, as you would wish me to act?"

"Yes," she said, in a low voice, "I do not think you could have done otherwise."

"After all," he said, "it is better to know the truth. It might have been so much worse! Lord Fayne might have been found guilty of murder. Now, at least, that horror is averted. He is quite safe out there—there is no extradition treaty—and he can remain in peace. The affair will die out and be forgotten. I will see the authorities and point out to them that there is no chance of arresting him. The cloud that has hung over us all has, to a very great extent, lifted, and I trust, though we shall none of us ever forget this dreadful time, that we may lose the poignancy of our sorrow."

She did not speak. His soft and soothing words seemed such a bitter mockery to her. She could never forget—her sorrow would never be lightened!

"And now, dearest," he went on, raising her hand to his lips again, "dare I plead for myself? Now that this affair has been cleared up, will you not consent to make me happy? Will you not marry me, Eva—very soon?"

She was prepared, and she did not start, nor take her hand from his.

"When?" she asked.

Her acquiescence took him by surprise. He had expected to have to meet her reluctance, perhaps her positive refusal; for he knew, by the coldness of her hand, the tone of her voice, that she still withheld her love from him.

"I would like the wedding to take place before Christmas," he said, in a soft voice. "I know that it would give more happiness to Lord Averleigh and Lady Janet than anything else could give. And I may have to go to London immediately after Christmas. You will not condemn me to go back to my old solitary life; you will not refuse my prayer, dearest?"

"No," she said.

"Shall we say in a fortnight?" he said, eagerly.

"If you wish," she responded, her eyes as cold as the snow upon which they rested.

A low cry of joy—of triumph—escaped him, and he was about to take her in his arms, but she drew back.

"Not yet—not yet!" she said, as if she were stifling

Then, as his arms fell to his side, and he bit his lip, she went from him and out into the hall, where her father was waiting.

"Let us go home, father," she said, grasping his arm, "I am tired."

Lady Jane went into the drawing room a quarter of an hour later and found Stannard staring out of the window. The expression of his face startled her; but at the sound of her footsteps he turned, with a forced smile, and passing his hand across his face as if to efface the expression.

"I think I will go to bed, Lady Janet," he said. "I am very tired and knocked up. Has—has Eva gone?"

"Yes," said Lady Janet; "she seemed so excited—upset."

He smiled.

"I daresay!" he said. "Wish me joy, Lady Janet! Eva has promised to be my wife in a fortnight."

"I do wish you joy and happiness—both of you," she said, solemnly. "I will go up with you to your room," she added, as they went up the stairs, a few minutes later; "I have had it done up for you while you have been away."

"How kind and thoughtful you are!" he said, as he looked round the room; "but it was very comfortable before."

"Yes," she said; but it wanted re-papering and some new furniture."

She looked round with a housewifely eye.

"It is quite a pleasure to have something to see to, to distract one's thoughts. The whole room has been turned out"; she smiled, "even the chimney swept."

He was warming his hands at the fire, and he started at her words, and turned his face to her with a sudden look of dread.

Lady Janet did not see it. She was mechanically patting the satin quilt of the bed.

"Was that necessary?" he asked, with a short laugh, which sounded harsh and strange in his own ears.

"I don't know," she said, placidly. "I don't think the housekeeper, or any of us, would have thought of having it done, if Mr. Jones had not mentioned it."

He felt his face growing whiter.

"Mr. Jones?"

"Yes, the inspector, you know. He was here one day about—about"—her voice dropped. "And he was telling Edmund about a fire that had occurred in Newton, in consequence of a chimney that had caught alight, and he impressed upon us the necessity of having all chimneys frequently swept." She smiled. "He made me so nervous that I told the housekeeper to send for Giles, the sweep, and have them done. It is always best to be on the safe side, you know, Stannard."

"Yes," he assented, "quite right—quite right."

She went round the room, arranging the handsome silver toilet set on the dressing-table with soft womanly touches, until he thought she would never go; but at last she said "Good night," and he closed and locked the door.

Relieved of the restraint of her presence, he stood in the middle of the room and clasped his head in his hands, an awful dread creeping over him.

Then he darted to the fireplace, and, baring his arm, felt in the niche of the brickwork of the chimney for the link. He knew the exact place in which he had put it. In the course of how many horrible dreams had he not hidden that link?

It was not there! He sank into a chair, his hands hanging limply beside him; his jaw dropped upon his chest like that of a dead man. A cold sweat broke out upon his forehead, and yet his head was burning hot.

He remained in this condition for nearly half an hour, during which who shall say what torture he endured?

There were times when he saw the gallows before him, felt the rope about his neck; and even between these hideous objects there floated a still more dreadful thing—the blood-stained face of the man he had murdered.

At last he managed to rise and stagger to his dressing-bag, and get a flask of brandy. He emptied it at a draught, and the ice that was thickening around his heart began to melt. He knelt beside the fire, and laughed discordantly.

"I am a weak-brained fool!" he said, chafing his hands. "Why should they suspect? How should that idiot of a detective guess I had hidden the thing there? It is impossible! I am like a child frightened at a shadow—the thing will not be found! Even if it were, it proves nothing—nothing! I am quite safe! In a fortnight I shall be married—Eva will be mine—mine! Let Heriot come back then, if he choose—it will be too late! Yes, let him come back, if he dares, and I'll help to hang him!"

CHAPTER XXXVII

IF EVA had had a mother alive, she would never have permitted her to have consented to so hasty a marriage. Even to Eva herself a fortnight seemed a short time in which to procure her trousseau. But she had given her word, and would keep it, notwithstanding the difficulties in the way. As for Mr. Winsdale, he made light of the trousseau business.

"It's the simplest thing in the world, my dear child," he said. "You go up to town with Lady Janet, and spend three or four mornings at the shops, and there you are. You will probably drive the agreeable young shopman and your dressmaker out of their minds, but that is of little consequence. Why, I would undertake to get a trousseau of the most elaborate description in five days! It's all a question of money, and, as you are my only daughter, and will probably not want to be married more than once a year, I don't mean to spare expense. You can have anything up to, say, half a million or so."

But, in the end, he gave her a cheque for fifty pounds. He was in the best of spirits, and thought no more of her sacrifice than men of his kind ever do. What were women made for but to be sacrificed?

Eva and Lady Janet went up to London. They were both glad to get away for a time from the scene of their trouble, and Lady Janet found an exquisite pleasure in going about and buying things for their lovable girl, who had become almost a daughter to her.

Notwithstanding Eva's remonstrances, Lady Janet purchased presents for her which far exceeded in cost, by many times, the modest fifty pounds which represented Mr. Winsdale's "half a million or so."

In Lady Janet's opinion nothing was too good, or even half good enough, for Eva, and, when Eva protested against the purchase of some expensive material, Lady Janet would beg her to let her, Lady Janet, have her own way.

"You see, my dear," she said, "it is such a treat for me to buy something for someone beside myself! I try to persuade myself that you are really my daughter, and I shall be just as proud of you as if you were."

What could Eva say?

One day, Lady Janet went to Streeter's by herself. The Earl had commissioned her to buy some jewels for Eva as his wedding present.

"I might give her the family diamonds," he said; "and no doubt, they will come to her in time. But, while Heriot lives, and there is a possibility of his marrying, I must keep them for him. They were his mother's. They must belong to the next countess, though she be a dairymaid. Right is right."

He had almost given Lady Janet carte blanche, and she had promised herself a delicious indulgence in adding to the sum she had allotted for his share a large amount of her own private money.

Probably Lady Janet was Mr. Streeter's best customer that week. She bought a set of pearls fit, indeed, for a countess, and so many rings and bracelets that, when they came home, and she packed them away in her box, she felt half ashamed, not of their number and value, but lest she had been too ostentatious in her affectionate desire to lavish pretty things on the girl she loved.

She said nothing about them to Eva; they were to be given to her by the Earl himself on the eve of her marriage.

Stannard would have gone to town himself, but he was feeling far from well, and in such a nervous condition from sleepless nights and fear-racked days, that he felt as if he could not face the noise and bustle of London. He was conscious, also, of a dread of leaving the scene of the tragedy. Unless Heriot made a miraculous recovery, he could not possibly reach Averleigh until after the marriage; and yet Stannard half expected to meet him whenever he left the Court.

There was no need for him to go to London, for Mr. Eastlake, the family solicitor at Newton, was engaged to draw up the settlements, for, though Stannard had very little of his own to settle on Eva, the earl treated him as if he were a son of the house, and was so liberal that Mr. Eastlake, though he did not venture on an open remonstrance, raised his shaggy brows and pursed his lips; and even Mr. Winsdale, when he was informed of the amount which was to be settled upon Eva, could not refrain from expressing his surprise and satisfaction.

He had, indeed, done well for his daughter!

Stannard did not often leave the Court, but generally contented himself with sauntering about the grounds, and when he did pass the boundary he preferred to ride. He knew that Grace Warner was still in the place, and he dreaded meeting her almost as much as he dreaded meeting Heriot.

But the meeting was bound to take place, sooner or later; and one day, as he was riding homeward, he came upon her in a narrow lane. It was so narrow that she drew up against the hedge to let him pass.

He was riding on, his face suddenly flushing, when, as if obeying an irresistible impulse, he pulled up his horse abruptly beside her, and looked at her fixedly. But, though he had pulled up, he did not know what to say. Her eyes sought the ground for a moment, then she raised them, and looked at him steadily. He grew hot and cold under her calm regard, and at last said, in a low voice—

"Well, Grace?"

"Well?" she said, gravely, with the calmness of cold contempt.

Her tone aroused his anger.

"So you are here still?" he said.

"I am here still," assented Grace.

He bit his lip, and looked between his horse's ears.

"What's your object in remaining here?" he asked. "What do you hope to gain by it?"

Grace flushed, but she controled herself. She had known that she must meet him some day or other, and she had prepared herself.

"I don't know what you mean," she said, coldly.

"It's simple enough, too!" he retorted, with a sneer. "I suppose you have some object in hanging about here? You expect to do some good for yourself; perhaps you think that your presence here causes me annoyance! If so, you are quite right. It does annoy me, and I should be glad if you would leave the place and go elsewhere!"

She remained silent, and looked at him steadily.

"I don't suppose my wish will weigh with you," he continued. "But possibly I may be able to offer you some more powerful inducement." He watched her covertly. See here; I've no doubt you think very badly of me!"

A smile of infinite scorn curled Grace's lips.

"I do, Mr. Marshbank!" she said.

"Just so; but you've yourself to blame for what happened. I offered to give you money, to make some kind of provision for you. You refused in a fit of temper and bolted, and now you have turned up here to annoy me and—other people. I suppose you're waiting for what you consider a favorable moment in which to blackmail me? You women are all alike! But you make a mistake when you are dealing with a man like myself. I should do nothing by force."

He paused, but Grace remained silent.

"At the same time," he said, "I feel that you have some claim on me, and I have no desire to dispute it. If you will leave the place and promise to leave me undisturbed for the future, I will renew my offer. I will give you a hundred pounds a year, paid how you like."

If he had expected Grace to look pleased and satisfied he was disappointed. Her face grew red, and her eyes flashed, but not with gratification.

"It is a large sum," he remarked. "It will keep you in comfort and idleness for the remainder of your days, and what is more, it will provide you with an income which may lead to an advantageous marriage. You are still very pretty; in fact"—he smiled as he looked her up and down—"I'm inclined to think you prettier than ever you were, and I have no doubt that if I were to wait awhile there would be no need for me to bribe you to keep silent. You will marry, I daresay, and then you will hold your tongue for your own sake."

The color left Grace's face, but the fire still burnt in her eyes.

"However," continued the chivalrous Mr. Marshbank, "I will stand by my offer. What do you say?"

Grace's lips parted as if she were about to utter a scornful refusal, but she closed them again tightly, and, shrinking away from him as far as possible, walked on.

Stannard looked after her in furious amazement, and, it is needless to say, cursed her from the sole of her foot to the crown of her head.

As he rode on, his fury gave place to anxiety. What was the meaning of her conduct? Was she holding her tongue, and only biding her time, for the reason with which he had taunted her? Would she appear at the wedding or immediately before or after it and make a scene? A hundred a year was, as he had said, a large income for a girl of her class.

Even her hatred of him, and he had felt that, had read it, in every glance of her eyes, would scarcely account for her refusal of a sum which would place her beyond the reach of want, and on the road to matrimony.

This problem was added to the others which haunted him byday, and deprived him of sleep at night.

Grace walked on, her heart beating fast with indignation and wounded pride. She had never been a bad girl, even in her weakness; she was by no means a bad girl now; indeed, if repentance possesses the virtue which we ascribe to it, there were few better women than Grace Warner.

As she crossed the moor she saw Mr. Jones standing by the edge of the quarry, and looking down at it thoughtfully. It was a habit he had, as if the secret of Ralph Forster's murder lay somewhere amongst the debris of the mine, and he expected to find it there some day. He raised his hat, and came towards Grace with the smile which always sprang into his face when he saw her.

"A lovely morning for the time of year, Miss Grace," he said. He had asked her to permit him to call her "Miss Grace" because, as he said, it was such a pretty name, and, so easy to pronounce.

Grace assented to his description of the weather, but in so faltering a tone that, with his trained acuteness, he saw something was the matter.

"Anything wrong, Miss Grace?" he asked, not sharply, but gently.

Grace did not answer. It was always difficult to avoid telling the truth to Mr. Jones; indeed, it seemed useless to tell a story with those dark, bright eyes upon one.

He did not press her for an answer; but, as was his way, instantly tried to find out for himself the cause of agitation.

"Did you meet Mr. Marshbank?" he said quite casually. "I saw him ride by just now, going in the direction you came."

"Yes," said Grace, with downcast eyes.

"Ah! happy man—Mr. Marshbank!" he remarked. "Yes, he's what I should call one of Fortune's favorites. Got everything his own way right through the piece. He's to have the earl's money, I'm told. It's quite on the cards he'll come into the title, and, just to top up the measure, he's going to marry the most beautiful—with a glance, a rather shy glance, at Grace's downcast face—"one of the most beautiful girls in all England. Now, that's what I call luck! I hear that the marriage is to take place next week," he went on, reflectively, as he walked beside Grace towards the cottage.

Grace made no response; but he could see her lips twitching and the tears come into her eyes.

"You've quite made up your mind to keep that promise you made Lord Fayne?" he said, gently.

"Yes," she said, almost inaudibly.

"Well," he said, "you know best, of course; but I've got a kind of feeling that if Lord Fayne were here—and I wish to goodness he was!—that he would release you from that promise."

"Why do you say that?" asked Grace, in a whisper.

"Well," he replied, slowly, "if I were to tell you I should be going too far. The fact is, I can't say all I'd like to say, and especially to you, Miss Grace; whom I should like to tell everything to. But that's where it is, you see! I'm a professional man, and obliged to keep my mouth shut; but if you are going to speak out about this murder and what led to it, it appears to me that it would be only right and fair to do it before the wedding."

Grace looked at him rather fearfully; but she shook her head.

"I can't break my promise to Lord Fayne," she said.

"All right," assented Mr. Jones. "You shall do as you like; a promise is a promise, and I'm not going to press you. Here is Johnnie waiting at the gate for you. I don't believe that boy could live without you."

"There will never be any need for him to try," said Grace. "I shall never leave him."

"Ah!" remarked Mr. Jones. "He's a lucky young beggar, though he is blind!"

"Poor Johnnie!" said Grace, tenderly.

"Rich Johnnie!" commented Mr. Jones.

He went in and had a cup of tea with them—tea seemed to be always going at the Warners—and as has been already said Mr. Jones was always welcome. He was very thoughtful during this visit, and looked at Grace musingly, while Johnnie played one of his delicious pieces, which was as much appreciated by this audience as by any of his more fashionable ones.

When he was taking his leave, Mr. Jones held Grace's hand rather longer than usual, and, perhaps unconsciously, pressed it tightly. Grace retreated into the cottage with a flush on her face, and Mr. Jones, lighting a cigar, walked across the moor to the Court.

As he approached the house he saw Mr. Stannard Marshbank pacing up and down the lawn, his hands behind his back, his head bent. Mr. Jones looked at him, hesitated a moment, resumed his way, then hesitated again, and ultimately went up to Stannard.

"Good morning, Mr. Jones," said Stannard.

"Good morning, sir," said Mr. Jones, with a cheerful smile.

But there was a tightness about his lips which, to those who knew the inspector, meant business.

"I have come up to see the earl," he said, "I've got a paper or two I want his lordship to be good enough to sign."

"Lord Averleigh has gone out for a drive," said Stannard.

"It doesn't matter, sir; I'll look up again," said Mr. Jones. "Good morning, sir."

But he waited, for he knew that Stannard would ask him about "the case."

"Have you any news, Mr. Jones?" asked Stannard. "Have you discovered anything further since I have been away?"

He put the question gravely, but quite easily.

"Well, I have, just a little," replied Mr. Jones. "It isn't much, and I haven't mentioned it to anyone."

"Ah! what is it?" said Stannard, quite calmly.

"Well, it's a little thing I found," said Mr. Jones. "It's a kind of clue which may be important, or may not—it all depends."

He took a gold sleeve-link from his waistcoat pocket, and held it up for Stannard's inspection; and, as he did so, his sharp eyes fixed themselves on Stannard's face.

Stannard neither started nor turned pale he was pallid enough already. But a look came into his eyes which transient as it was, did not escape the inspector's notice.

"A gold sleeve-link!" said Stannard; and though his voice was steady, there was a tone in it which Mr. Jones also noticed, and made a mental memorandum of.

"Where did you find it?" asked Stannard.

"On the edge of the cliff where the struggle took place."

"And you think it belonged to the man who murdered Forster—Lord Fayne?"

"I think it belonged to the man who murdered Forster," said Mr. Jones; "but whether it belonged to Lord Fayne will have to be proved."

"Just so," remarked Stannard. Then he added, thoughtfully. "I think I remember my cousin wearing studs similar to this. I will show it to Lord Averleigh, if you like, and ask him—guardedly, of course." And he was about to slip the link into his waistcoat pocket.

With the slightest of slight smiles, Mr. Jones held out his hand.

"I won't trouble you to do that, sir," he said. "I don't think I will make any inquiries about it, at present."

Stannard shrugged his shoulders, and dropped the link, with assumed indifference, into Mr. Jones' outstretched hand.

"It would be difficult to prove that the thing belonged to Lord Fayne," he said.

"Yes," assented Mr. Jones; "unless the other link was found in his possession."

Stannard smiled. "Which is not very probable," he said. "Having missed this one, he would be sure to destroy the remaining one."

"Or hide it," said Mr. Jones. "And, if he did it might not be impossible to find it."

"Not impossible, but very improbable," said Stannard.

"I don't know," said Mr. Jones, cheerfully. "It's extraordinary how little things of his kind are found, even when the man who hides them flatters himself that he has buried them out of sight for ever."

Stannard looked straight before him, with set face and half lowered lids.

"It seems to me," he said, "that it doesn't need any further evidence to convict Lord Fayne."

"You think him guilty, of course, Mr. Marshbank?"

"Do not you?" said Stannard, glancing at him sharply.

"I never make up my mind as to a man's guilt until I've got him in the dock, and heard both sides of the case," said Mr. Jones.

"Very wise," assented Stannard. He paused a moment, then, in a lowered voice, said, "Mr. Jones, I did not mean to tell you, but since we have been talking together, I have felt that I ought to do so, that I ought to tell you I have good reasons for believing my unhappy cousin to be guilty. Not of murder, mark me, but of manslaughter. I have reason to believe that he was attacked by Ralph Forster, and that he killed him in self-defence."

Mr. Jones did not look amazed or surprised by this momentous announcement.

"I suppose I mustn't ask you what those reasons are, sir?" he said.

"You may not," said Stannard, very gravely. "My lips are sealed. But I may tell you this, that Lord Fayne is beyond the reach of justice; he is where the law cannot reach him, and he will never return."

Not even at this piece of information did Mr. Jones show surprise.

"I tell you this," said Stannard, "not only to save you any further trouble, but in the hope that you may be induced to drop the case. As you can never place Lord Fayne in the dock, it would be only humane of you to consider the feelings of his father and those connected with him, and to let this dreadful affair sink, so far as it can, into oblivion.

"I'm glad you've told me this, Mr. Marshbank," said Mr. Jones, gravely, "and I must confess that, though I am engaged in the case, I am not sorry that Lord Fayne had got away. I recommend him to remain where he is; in fact"—his eyes seemed to glow on Stannard's face, and to bore into him like a gimlet—"I should give the same advice to be murderer of Ralph Forster, whether he's Lord Fayne or anyone else."

Stannard's lips compressed tightly, and twitched faintly at the corners.

"Yes," said Mr. Jones. "If the murderer were a friend of mine, and I were talking to him—just as I am talking to you now, Mr. Marshbank—I should say to him: 'You may think you've made everything snug and safe, but you haven't, and you'd better make yourself scarce while there's time, for I'm close on your track, and, as sure as you're alive, and Ralph Forster's dead, I shall run you down and hang you!"

Stannard held his breath, but managed to nod his head.

"Shouldn't you think that very good advice, Mr. Marshbank?" concluded Mr. Jones, in a very low and solemn voice.

Stannard nodded again.

"Most excellent advice, Mr. Jones," he said, his voice sounding dry and strange in his own ears. "Good-day to you!"

"Good-day, sir," said Mr. Jones, cheerfully.

As he walked away he hummed the air which Johnnie had played. But presently he stopped, and, addressing his cigar, murmured—

"Mr. Stannard Marshbank is a clever man! He really is a very clever man! But he must mind that he isn't too clever!"

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

"HAD the man intended to warn him?" Stannard asked himself, as he went back to the house. He told himself that the idea was absurd.

And yet that accursed link had been found, and was in the possession of the cunning bloodhound! Was it possible that he suspected Stannard to be the owner? Even if he did suspect it would be difficult to prove; and, supposing he were able to prove it, it would not make evidence against him—Stannard. He might have dropped it on the spot where it was found before or after the murder.

And yet, though he persuaded himself that Jones' warning was not intended for him, a vague and additional dread was added to those which already haunted him.

Oh! if he and Eva were only married, and away from this hateful place!

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

APART from all the transient pleasure which accompanies this holiday season, and which would alone make it well worth celebrating, its great mission is so to infuse into us all the spirit of love, kindness, and goodwill that it may continue to dwell with us through the ensuing year, sweetening and purifying our hearts while exalting and broadening our lives.

MY BOY.

BY I. F. D.

When the soft autumn haze is past and gone,
And the flowers lie withered and dead on the lawn,
When up from the chimney the blue smoke curls,
And down from the clouds the white snow whirls—
Then we sit by the fireside, my boy and I,
And talk of the things he will do, by and by.

He's a great little man, just seven years old,
On the threshold of life, bright, cheerful and bold;
For him this world is all colour de rose—
He sees all of life's poetry and none of its prose.
He loves to hear of the true and the brave,
Of valorous deeds on land and wave,
And pictured clear in his boyish face,
A deep love of honor and truth we trace.

My boy, may God in his infinite love,
Keep thee pure and true till we meet above.

Poppies.

BY M. S. H.

BEHIND me was the sea, shining in all the glory and the beauty that an east wind, a clear atmosphere, and strong sunlight can give it; and in front, with a background of green fields and yellow "mustard" blossom, stood a girl crowned—covered—draped with glowing, vivid poppies that fell in showers over her, from the crown of her sailor hat to the long clover-laden grass at her feet.

The girl was a picture in herself. Her dark hair clustered in small curls above the oval face, and her darker eyes gleamed all the more brightly in contrast to the color called into her cheeks by the touch of the keen fresh breeze.

Poppies abounded on that land, it could bring forth little else, said my brother in law with a groan every time he looked out over his crimsoning fields; but all the same, they imparted a glory to the landscape that nothing—save themselves, could give. I had told John so that morning, and been called a "Job's Comforter" for my pains; I told myself so now as I walked across the field to meet the poppy-laden Ailsa St. Ruth, my sister's friend—and mine.

"Look at me!" she cried, half in fun, half in protest. "And the children will not let me throw these things down."

"Not likely, when we have taken the trouble to make the garlands on purpose," said my nephew, Roland the second.

"I must sketch you—just so," I cried, pulling out pencil and sketch-book. "Stand as you are for a moment—the details can be added by-and-bye."

A faint tinge of color swept into her temples, and played underneath her hair, yet she stood patiently to gratify my whim, while the children crowded round me to watch the process.

"You're making it very nice, Uncle Jim," said Monica, the youngest. "I want it when you's done."

"It shall be mine," said Roland the assertive.

"Indeed, I'm to have it myself," quoth Harold, whose impatience made him jog my elbow more than once. "Just be quick, Uncle Jim, will you?"

"And why are you going to have it, I'd like to know?" inquired Roland aggressively. "Ailsa——"

"I'm going to marry Ailsa when I grow up," he announced quickly, "and everything belonging to her will be mine also."

"There spoke the true man," said I with a laugh, as I calmly put both block and pencil into my own pocket again. "Harold, boy, others can play at that game—and, meanwhile, the sketch is mine."

Harold looked angrily at me, the intruder.

"I always intended to marry Ailsa," he began with a little plaintive ring intermingling with his anger; but Roland, who had been studying me attentively, put in his word.

"Uncle Jim means to marry her himself," he said, with the air of one who makes a discovery. "And so, of course, he wants everything——"

His words had taken away my breath, so that I could make no earlier protest.

"You young scamp——" I was beginning, when my second nephew interposed again in his clear, high treble.

"Uncle Jim cannot—he cannot marry any one. He's got a wife already—somewhere."

A look of pain shot into the girl's eyes for one moment; but I felt hot and angry, and I fear I hated this clear-voiced boy. Helen's favorite child—an enfant terrible to the household.

"I never jest about such things," I began slowly, but that boy interrupted me passionately.

"Who's 'jesting?'" he asked sharply. "I've heard all about your wife, Uncle Jim, and I'm very sorry and all that—but you ought not to take my sketch, you know."

"Is it not my own?"

"It is clearly Dr. Chester's, Harold," said Ailsa gently. "Come here, dear, I will give you a photograph when we go in—and it shall be your very own—with a little frame to put it in, so that it can stand on the table in your room."

"Then it'll be half mine," said Roland in huge content. "Let us go back at once, Ailsa."

She had turned while speaking, with her profile towards me; and I saw that she meant to give me time to recover my usual manner.

"His wife—his wife!" I could fancy she was saying. "I did not know—I never thought."

And I, ah, what was I thinking? Better not ask. Better not know. Mine was no enviable lot. It had never been one.

All that life could give me of pleasure or gladness, was bound up in that poppy-crowned girl, who was only Helen's friend—and mine.

"The world has forgotten I have a wife," I said presently, in a tone that was half an apology for not acknowledging the fact before.

"Did you not forget her yourself?" she said, turning round in a momentary flash, which even I owned was justified, but I shook my head gloomily.

"I, forget?—I wish I could. My wife has been insane for many years. I think she must have been mad when we married. Three weeks after that event she was taken away, and has been shut up ever since. That is the history of my wife, Ailsa."

"Oh, I didn't know," she cried, stopping to put her hands in mine in token of her sympathy, while tears filled her lovely dark eyes. "I didn't know. It seems the saddest thing in the world."

"It is even worse," I muttered to myself. "She does not know that I married this woman because I was told she was breaking her heart over me. I did not love her; oh, dear, no. But I was not worthy of any woman's broken heart, so I married her, and took my misery on my own head." Aloud I said quietly—"We can always be friends, you and I—can we not?" and hand in hand, within sight of the silent sea, we made a compact of friendship—friendship to the end.

The children had raced on in front—little they recked how they had hurt—us. They raced on, trying to see who would get home first. We, with a world of sorrow between us, came soberly after, lingering in the sweetness of the fading day.

Somewhere out of sight in the borderland 'twixt heaven and earth, a lark was singing, his song floating down to us in a sweet refrain of almost celestial hope and joy, and Ailsa lifted her head to listen.

"That song is full of hope," she said. "It is intended for you. Out of the gloom of your life something bright and good may come."

"Ah! What?"

There was a want of faith underlying my question, but the outlook before me was not inspiring, and I had seen nothing but misery for so long.

"When can anything different come to me? My life is forecast from the beginning to the end."

My poppy-laden friend turned quickly round, her flowers falling gently on either side from the garlands which she still wore; although I believe she had forgotten their existence.

"Oh, hush!" she cried, her lips parting tremulously with her words. "I do not like to hear you speak so bitterly. To be able to endure is to show one's self victor over circumstances. Don't you remember

"'How sublime a thing it is
To suffer and be strong!'"

I almost smiled at the passion and the pathos she displayed. This was a new story to her. It was a fresh experience to come in contact with pain—with part of life's agony, even although the contact were but vicariously borne.

"Your poppies have faded," I told her as we neared the door of Cloudsley Manor. "How soon these wild things die!"

She smiled painfully.

"They are the flowers of the Garden of Sleep, are they not?—of sleep and forgetfulness. I don't want them to die just yet."

"Give me one," I pleaded, holding out my hand. "I want it for a memory."

She did not give it, but I took one—it had been hanging on the brim of her hat; it fell while we were talking—and I have it still.

"To-morrow I am going home," I told her. "I have much to do there before I am ordered abroad again. Perhaps you will think of me sometimes—as the most unfortunate man you know."

"I will think of you as they think of the brave who fight valiantly——"

"A losing battle," I supplemented when she paused. "Ah, Ailsa, you little know——"

Then the door was flung open, the three children stood framed in by the dark oak, and beyond were my sister Helen and her husband—Roland Cloudsley.

"What an age you have been! And what have you been doing to yourself, Ailsa?" cried Helen, drawing her friend's hand through her arm as she spoke. "The tea is nearly cold, too, I declare Roland and I were tired of waiting, so we had a cup each by ourselves."

The tea-table looked very inviting, spread out daintily in the big hall, beneath the stag's horns, and the men in armor, and the children flitted about like tiny ghostlings, as they tried the merits of girdle-cakes and scones, while Ailsa sank down on the oak settee near the cavernous fireplace, and I lounged against the broad window seat.

"And what did you do, my sonnies?" asked Helen of her sons. "Have you been good boys?"

"Very," they both replied in a breath. "We trimmed up Ailsa with flowers. And then Uncle Jim came and drawed her, but he won't give us his picture."

"He is selfish," added the younger Roland.

"All right, young man; I'll pay you out for this," I said grimly. "Just wait till I return from home."

"Are you going to see your wife?"

The question came from Harold, but it made Helen turn white.

"Oh, Harold!" she cried sharply, and then she turned to me as if to apologize for his word. "I am so sorry, Jim."

"It's all right, little woman," I replied. "I am going to see Grannie, Harold. Shall I give her your love?"

"Ask her to send me something nice," he rejoined, with the promptitude that distinguished the children of this household. "It is a long time since my birthday."

"When I grow old, I'll have a buffday every day," said the little Monica; whereat her father kissed her, and her mother laughed.

"When you grow old, you'll have no 'buffdays' at all, I expect," said Roland the elder. "That's one of the things that belongs to the days when we think 'as a child.'"

But this subject became fruitful of much controversy, and in the midst of it I slipped away. I had my packing to do, and we dined at seven.

I had not much time to spare. But when I reached my room I did not pack.

I sat down instead, and thought—a far more dangerous proceeding, and one that could not profit me at all.

The next morning I left the Manor very early, and three weeks later saw me on board a liner, bound for the East once more, for my leave was up.

I bade Helen farewell in a note that gave her much wise counsel concerning the way in which she was bringing up her children—the boys especially—but I said not one word about Ailsa St. Ruth.

Two withered poppies were lodged in my old note book. Photographed on my mind was the figure of a girl standing in a clover field, with the gold and red background, and the setting sun in front; and in my desk was a sketch. These things went with me.

My wife lived on. They said she might live to be a very old woman, she was so well and strong. And I, with my spoilt life, was going alone to take up my work once more.

"You were too ready to listen to her father's story, dear Jim," said my mother wistfully, as we said "Good-bye." "She was not at all the sort of girl you could ever have loved. My boy, why were you so easily blinded? The man was a fortune-hunter; the girl was brought up in a dreadful school. It is a sorrowful bit of history for my son."

She was a clever woman—would God I had taken her advice long ago!

We make mistakes—we men! We must learn to live under the shadow of those mistakes.

This is life.

* * * * * *

Two years later I came home again—free.

My wife had died—no matter how—it was a gruesome story, and were better forgotten.

She was dead, and we do not say harsh things about the dead.

I came home, and the first person I met in town was Lawton, whom I had known abroad, who hailed me joyfully.

"Chester, by all that's lucky!" he cried in an ecstasy. "Can you lend me a hand for a day or so? I am nearly dead with work—fever and so forth; my assistant is down with it too, and if I don't get relief I'll knock under also. You've nothing on earth to do, stay and help me like a good fellow. You like work, I know."

"I can give you a day or two, that is all," I replied. "Remember, I am on my way home, and my mother will be hugely disappointed if I don't turn up."

What was the good of talking to Lawton? He was the most obstinate donkey in the world, and he looked deadly ill into the bargain.

In five minutes he had convinced me that I should be doing the most virtuous thing I could if I went to his aid. So I went.

"I am an ass for my pains," I told him frankly. "It has been my ruin to be too good-natured, but you look ill——"

"Ill!—I believe I'm going to die," said the unblushing Lawton, like a second Ananias, as he carried me and my luggage off in a "growler." "You are a trump, Chester—you always were. Had you lived in the Middle Ages you would have been a knight errant or a creature of that sort."

Then he tucked himself and his long legs into the vehicle after me, and away we went, jogging as far in one direction as I had intended to go in another, while I wondered at myself for my folly.

Lawton was a man with a hundred and one fads. He had set up a private hospital arrangement, and run it pretty successfully, until his assistant fell out—ill. Hunting about for his successor, he came across me—worse luck!

This was what I learnt as we went along. In his hospital there were three nurses, a matron, and a staff of servants. Patients he seemed to have in plenty. The beds were seldom empty, and the cases interested him.

An enthusiast in his way, he took the most real pleasure in this kind of work, and, by degrees, he infused some of his enthusiasm into me.

By the time we arrived in Great Middleham Square I was almost reconciled to the capture, all I bargained for was one night's rest. Not one stroke would I do until the morrow; so, seeing I meant it, he gave me a decent dinner, a big smoke, and sent me to bed, where I slept peacefully.

The next day my duties were to begin. Lawton's hospital was a cheery place when seen by daylight. Each patient had a room, and some of the "cases" were bad ones. The nurses were bright young women, carefully chosen, and full of unfailing good temper and energy, and their manner was perfect. Lawton introduced me to the matron and then went off.

"Dr. Chester has kindly promised to take care of the patients here," he told her in my hearing. "I have outside work enough on my hands. Good-bye, Chester; don't kill yourself."

"No fear of that," I retorted with a laugh. "Now, Mrs. Morton, I'll begin with the worst cases first; will you come with me to-day?"

She rose at once—a kindly, plump little woman, I wondered where Lawton had picked her up—and we went upstairs together, she talking all the way. At one door she paused.

"This is a very serious case," she said in a low tone. "I don't know how Mrs. Jennings is to-day, but last night she was restless, and that was a bad sign. Nurse Grace is sitting with her now."

The room was shaded by heavy curtains, and these were drawn. Evidently this patient wanted sleep and rest. A tall woman in a nurse's garb rose at our entrance, and moved to let me draw near.

"She is asleep," she whispered. "And Dr. Lawton thinks she is better."

"This is Nurse Grace," said the matron quietly in my ear.

"Nurse Grace, you go with this gentleman to the others—you know them, and I don't. I'll stay here till you return."

There was nothing to be done for Mrs Jennings but to let her sleep; so I moved on, following my new guide, who closed the door softly behind me, as we passed out of the room.

But as we stood in the corridor, with the light streaming in upon her, I started. There was something strangely familiar in her manner and figure. Her face was the face of my day dream—of my most tender haunting memories.

"Norse Grace!" I cried aloud in my astonishment. "You are——"

"Ailsa Grace St. Ruth—yes," she said, in low, sweet tones—all the sweeter to the ear that had not heard them for so long. "You are home once again, Dr. Chester; I may say 'Welcome back to England,' I suppose."

I caught her hands in mine and held them fast.

"Ailsa," I cried, scarcely heeding what she said. "Ailsa, I came back to look for you. It is true, my love—my dear love."

"Dr. Chester!"

She drew away her hands, and her voice trembled.

"It is quite right, my darling," I murmured. "I am free to come here—to tell you of my love—to plead for yours in return. She is dead, Ailsa; and the unhappy past has gone forever, thank God! But I did not expect to find you so soon——"

"Nor here," she added, gently. "Yet I have been very happy in my work——"

"Ailsa—do you love me? Don't keep me waiting for my answer."

Her head fell lightly on my shoulder, her hands yielded to my clasp; I kissed them over and over again, blessing Lawton, in my heart, for the persistency with which he had brought me here to find my love at last.

I had found her in the midst of unselfish work for others—blessing the sick and sorrowful by her presence, carrying lessons of faith, and patience, and endurance wherever she went, and calming her own spirit into submission and peace. For all earth's heavy-laden ones may find comfort in such work, whereby their souls are soothed in soothing others, and they rise out of self into self-abnegation.

I think Mrs. Morton opened her eyes when at last we returned to her, we had been so long away; but, happily, Lawton found Mrs. Jennings a great deal better for her sleep.

To picture Lawton's face when I led Ailsa to him as my promised wife is delightful. Consternation, concern and anger struggled for mastery by turns; and only the poppy-crowned sketch showed him I had found her whom I had lost so long before.

"My best nurse! My most trusted ally," he grumbled. "I must say it is too bad of you, Chester—and I was so certain you were not a marrying man, or given to this kind of thing. I am not. I don't know why you should be."

"That is as we are made," I replied penitently. "My dear fellow, I must have married Ailsa, had I gone down into the very depths to find her."

After all the grumbler did not lose either of us.

I had come home "for good" this time; and when our brief honeymoon was over, Ailsa and I came quietly down to go on working in Dr. Lawton's hospital.

Why not?

The greatest happiness life can give comes from helping others. That is the lesson we have both learnt in the hard school of experience.

But in our rooms you will always find poppies in the vases, and my wife's portrait that adorns my "den" is of her as I saw her that evening long ago, crowned with the flowers that belonged of old to the Garden of Sleep—the land where Earth's sorrows are forgotten.

We forgot ours also in the larger love that makes the "whole world kin" to us.

The only disappointed people in this matter of our wedding were Helen's boys, but they find their revenge in favoring us with their company at stated periods, and I always take care to remember their "buffdays."

AUSTRALIAN BRUMBIE HORSES.

THE Brumbie Horse of Australia, though not a distinct equine variety, possesses attributes and qualities peculiar to itself, and, like the wild cattle and wild buffaloes of Australia, is the descendant of runaways of imported stock.

At no distant period of Australian pastoral history the Brumbie was as great a scourge to the western pastoralist as the rabbit has since become; but a scourge, fortunately, that could be dealt with more easily, and by perseverance abolished. The stature and breeding of Brumbies varies in accordance with the circumstances of origin in different localities. In some places, magnificent horses, showing great quality, have accumulated in very large numbers.

As the result of well-bred, and, in some cases, imported sires having been lost, strange to say, the inbreeding did not apparently affect the good quality. In other places the veriest weeds swarm over the country; and yet these same creatures, rubbishy in stature and appearance, will, both in their wild state and when broken, accomplish feats of endurance almost incredible.

I at one time possessed a mean-looking, ill-shaped mare of true Brumbie breeding. One of her feats was to carry me—in all, fourteen and a half a stone—over bush roads, a distance of eighty-five measured miles on a summer day of thirteen hours, with only an hour's midday rest. In their wild state, Brumbies will, when, in dry times water "gives out," travel immense distances to the next water; and even in good seasons, when twelve or more miles from the water they will travel that distance daily to and fro to drink.

In Brumbie country, the passing traveler must needs tend his horses closely; for the young Brumbie stallions, constantly driven from their haunts by the older sires, wander in search of companions, and show marvellous intelligence and tact in taking these, when found, into seclusion. It is at all times a difficult matter to recover stray stock from the Brumbie mobs. The term "with the Brumbies" is a common one throughout bush Australia to signify hopelessly lost.

Portions of Western New South Wales and southern Queensland were some years ago almost devastated by Brumbies; and all sorts of devices were resorted to by squatters to rid themselves of the pests. Many sheep owners fenced in their water holes with barbed wire in such a way that nothing larger than a sheep could enter to drink.

In this manner tens of thousands of horses perished. Other holders destroyed immense numbers by means of strong trap yards built in scrubs, having, near the yard, long wings or guide fences, strongly made of timber, and extending outwards by means of calico strips from tree to tree, like wire fence, for ten or more miles beyond.

Except in close quarters, wild horses will not approach the fluttering strips of calico. The trap and wings being ready, a number of horsemen started the mobs in such a way as to meet the wings, along which they galloped into the yards. Once entrapped, the horses were shot; but, it being laborious to clear the yard of the dead animals, an easier and less expensive plan was resorted to.

A crush—that is, long lines of parallel fences just wide enough for one horse to pass at a time—was erected; they were driven into this long lane, at the end of which stood an expert, armed with a keen knife.

As each animal passed, its jugular vein was severed, and the bleeding creature tore madly away into its native scrub, only to stagger and die from loss of blood, within half a mile of the trap. This device, though barbarous, did away with the difficulty of removing carcasses, and became the universal method of destruction.

In this work of destruction animals showing extra quality were occasionally reserved for use; but in order to enable the horsemen to drive them away, it was necessary to stop their galloping, and this was done very simply.

A packing-needle and strong twine were run through the point of each ear, the twines left in; these were then tied under the horse's chin, bending the ears down on the cheeks. Tied in this way, a horse will not gallop, and may be turned and driven quietly.

Of late years, however, the extension of railways, the utilization of waste lands, and constant destruction, have so thinned the Brumbie haunts, that they have ceased to affect the pastures; though they are troublesome in the other ways referred to. In many cases ineffectual attempts are made to yard the mobs, and when this has been tried once or twice, it is astonishing how cunning they become.

Even when by good riding a number of horsemen have brought a Brumbie mob into close quarters, it not infrequently happens that old stallions turn and charge open mouthed at the horsemen, and thus invariably break away; in which case the mob will follow in spite of all efforts made to stop them.

Sometimes the riders succeed in shooting the old stallions; but even then a panic and stampede of the mad creatures follows, and they are lost. Often when old wild horses find themselves imprisoned, they charge the fences and destroy themselves.

SOME MODERN USES OF GLASS.—According to Pliny, the discovery of glass, like many another article that has proved of immense benefit to mankind, was entirely fortuitous. A merchant ship laden with nitre (a fossil alkali) being driven ashore on the coast of Galilee in 77 A. D., the crew went ashore for food, which they cooked by the water's edge, constructing a rough support for their utensils out of pieces of their cargo, which produced a vitrification of the sand beneath the fire, and afforded the hint for the manufacture of glass.

Several patents for roofing-glass have been taken out during the last few years, the best perhaps being that in which, during manufacture, the glass is moulded upon steel-wire netting, which greatly increases its strength without appreciably lessening its transparency, and allows of its being used in much larger sheets.

A Paris firm of glassmakers, MM. Apert Freres, now produce some porous glass to be used for window-panes. The pores are too fine to admit of draught, but cause a pleasant and healthy ventilation in a room. By means of the toughening process, glass railway-sleepers, tram-rails, floor-plates, grindstones, etc., have been produced.

Articles of dress are now being extensively made of this material. A Venetian manufacturer is turning out bonnets by the thousand, the glass cloth of which they are composed having the same shimmer and brilliancy of color as silk, and, what is a great advantage, being impervious to water.

In Russia there has for a long time existed a tissue manufactured from the fibre of a peculiar filamentous stone from the Siberian mines, which by some secret process is shredded and spun into a fabric which, although soft to the touch and pliable in the extreme, is of so durable a nature that it never wears out.

This is probably what has given an enterprising firm the idea of producing spun-glass dress lengths. The Muscovite stuff is thrown into the fire when dirty, like asbestos, which it is made absolutely clean again; but the spun glass silk is simply brushed with a hard brush and soap and water, and is none the worse for being either stained or soiled. The material is to be had in white, green, lilac, pink, and yellow, and bids fair to become very fashionable for evening dresses.

An Austrian is the inventor of this novel fabric, which is rather costly. Tablecloths, napkins, and window-curtains are also made of it. It has also been discovered that glass is capable of being turned into a fine cloth, which can be worn next the skin without the slightest discomfort.

In each strand there are two hundred and fifty almost invisible threads, and to make three quarters of a yard of this material employs four women one whole day. This curious fabric of mingled silk and glass is arranged as a gored skirt over one of white silk. It is bordered with a flounce of chiffon, partially veiled with a glittering fringe of glass. Above it is a twist of chiffon and plaited glass. The bodice is in silver cloth, woven in with threads of glass, and glass epaulets glimmer above the chiffon sleeves. The price of this ball dress is five hundred dollars.

The infanta is pure white, but the glass can be made in a variety of colors, and can be so woven through the silk as to produce a shot effect. The seams have to be glued together instead of being sewn. The silvery sheen produced by the fine threads of glass is remarkably pretty, especially under the rays of artificial light.

And while on the subject of dress, we may mention a most dangerous fashion that obtained a few years back, fortunately not to a very wide extent, and only for a short time—namely, sprinkling the hair, dresses, and flowers at balls, parties, and theatres with powdered glass.

The inhalation of these minute particles of glass, one of the deadliest forms of slow poison, and perfectly insoluble, sets up serious inflammation in the pulmonary organs, stomach, throat, and other membranes to which it adheres; and, moreover, these grains injuriously affect the delicate structure of the eye.

THERE was recently sold at Paris a timepiece which Philippe Egalite presented to George IV. It represents a negress' head, with jewels in the hair and a jeweled clasp for the handkerchief. On pulling one of the earrings the hour is shown in the right eye and the minute in the left; on pulling the other a set of bells chime the hour.

Scientific and Useful.

OAK STAIN.—Equal parts of potash and pearl ash, two ounces each to about one quart of water, give a good oak stain. Use carefully, as it will blister the hands. Add water if the color be too deep.

AN ARTISTIC RADIATOR.—The hot water pipes, coils, and other heaters for buildings are usually so unsightly that a new and elegant radiator which has been introduced will commend itself to householders. These radiators consist of blade like tubes of decorated exterior, and seem rather an ornament to a house than anything else.

ELECTRICITY.—Dr. Saunders, a great specialist and a member of the Health Board of London, is a great believer in the value of the electric light. He claims that electricity is a great moral power; that it protects humanity better than the philanthropist, and by purifying the workshops and the factories the sanitary laws are carried out with much less friction.

A PNEUMATIC BOAT.—A new portable boat on pneumatic principles, will be useful to travelers and people in the country. It consists, it is said, of an indiarubber shell like a horse-collar, with water-proof leggings and boots attached, forming part of the bottom of the boat. The person inserts his legs into these leggings and draws the boat up to his waist, then walks into the water, inflating the pneumatic collar until it buoys him up. The boat can be propelled by the feet and hands, or by hoisting a small sail.

A NEW DIAMOND TESTER.—It is well known to jewelers that aluminium will mark a glass or "paste" diamond, but not the true gem, provided the surface is wet. This fact has now been applied in the production of a mechanical tester, which consists of a small disc of aluminium rapidly revolved by an electric motor. The stone to be tested is wetted, and held against the edge of the disc by means of a spring clamp. When metallic marks are found on the stone after this treatment, it is rejected as false.

Farm and Garden.

CROPS.—It is an axiom that few crops worth cultivating but will do better on good land than on poor, and give better returns with fertilizing than without. It is an idle notion that tomatoes will do better on poor soil. Heavy manuring will give twice the yield.

A WORN-OUT FARM.—We doubt if there need be any such thing as a worn-out farm. Free fertilizing and thorough cultivation have made productive even the long abandoned wheat fields of New England. They now yield as bounteous crops as do those of the "fertile West."

WEED OUT THE COWS.—One of the greatest needs of this country is less diary cows, but of a better character individually. With the fabulous army of cattle that occupy valuable room on our farms and in our stables, a large per cent. of them are in a financial point of view of little value.

GRAFTING.—If you intend to do any grafting next spring, mix together four parts rosin, two parts beeswax and one part beef tallow. It must be softened when used, but need not be worked with the hand; apply with a stick. If the winds chill it too readily in the vessel, place a piece of glass over it.

SCABBY.—In Australia the scab in sheep has been absolutely wiped out by the persistent use of hot baths of sulphur and tobacco, followed by one of sulphur and quicklime at a temperature of 110 degrees. However sound the apparent condition of any imported sheep, down it must go into this bath. There is no more scab in that country.

HAMS AND BACON.—If a farmer with a few hogs will kill two or three at a time and cure the hams and bacon and make up all the sausage and lard possible, he will find his pig crop will yield him double the ready cash he can get from the shipper. Of course, he must know how to trim and cure and handle his meat, so as to make it attractive to the eye and the palate.

IT IS MUCH BETTER to take proper care of a Cough or Cold from its incipiency, by using promptly Dr. Jayne's Expectorant, than to run any risk of developing fatal Pulmonary Affection. This well known curative is equally effective in the primary stages of Consumption, Asthma and Bronchitis.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST
FOUNDED, A.D. 1821

ISSUED WEEKLY AT 725 SANSOM ST.

A. E. SMYTHE, Publisher.

PHILADELPHIA, JANUARY 11, 1896.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION.

[IN ADVANCE.]

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The Family Relations.

Some time ago a leading paper raised in an exceedingly thoughtful article, the important questions, "Is it an advantage to be brought up in a mixed family of boys and girls? How do brotherless women compare as wives with women who have come to know men's 'fads' and weaknesses while living at home with their brothers? And how do sisterless men compare as husbands with many-sistered men?"

If one imagines a sisterless man and a brotherless woman married, without having had opportunities of seeing how clashing characteristics have to be checked in a large family, one sees there would be present in the new household all the elements for a dense growth of misunderstandings. It is, of course, easy to imagine a love that is a solvent of all difficulties, a sympathy so quick and sure that misreading is out of the question and misunderstanding can never gain a moment's foothold; but that is the rare exception.

As a rule, those who have not had opportunities of learning how character must be accommodated to character, even where very warm love exists, pay with uncomfortable later experience for the ignorance of their youth.

People who wonder at the amount of conjugal unhappiness in the world fail to take account of the fact that a large proportion of it is due to sheer ignorance of human character on the part of men and women who marry. If there were not this ignorance, honeymooning couples would not be so extraordinarily peculiar as to attract general attention. Their study of each other is so very obviously beginning, instead of being fairly complete, that no one can fail to observe the process.

Look, on the contrary, at the woman who has been brought up in the midst of many brothers. She has learned her own limitations by a long course of experience, gradually and almost insensibly gained. She knows that in some respects men are most easily managed by being humored, and that it is well-nigh useless to expect them to be always smooth in manner and unruffled in temper. She is aware that the best of them are not angels or heroes, but need a good deal of allowance to be made in judging them, yet that, after all, they are at bottom probably very decent fellows. In short, the composite nature of mankind is practically, not theoretically, known to her.

Very likely, too, she will have been taught to make things easy for the menfolk—to hide care from them, to guard them against the minor worries of life. There is much less likelihood that a girl brought up in this way will be introspective and deeply engaged in contemplating the romantic drama of her own life than would be the case with a woman of similar age brought up in comparative loneliness and seclusion from men's company. Instead of dreaming of herself as the heroine of the finest story in the world, five-sixths of which story would probably be compounded of fancies that had no basis in real life, she will have had too much work to do, and will have been too closely in contact with the prose realities of the world—in which, after all, the best romances are hidden—to go astray after thoughts that are unreal, and to picture men who are not made of the commonplace stuff of which humanity, as known in brothers and relatives, is compounded.

The many brothered woman is therefore, we hold, on the average, if her work has not been too hard and her temper tried by worries, the most comfortable woman to marry, and she is the more likely to be a happy wife, because experience will have taught her not to expect too much of imperfect humanity.

The lessons of the whole matter appear to us to be the proper appreciation of the advantages of family life by those who are blessed with brothers and sisters, and the advisability of seeking free social intercourse between the sexes for such as have not the insensible training of a full home. We are aware that there is a reverse side, and that it is quite possible that a disagreeable family life may be misleading.

The young man may grow up cynical and suspicious of womankind because he has seen little to admire in his sisters and the young woman may have arrived at quite a mistaken view of the average husband because of the selfishness to which she has been almost compelled to minister in her brothers; but those, we hope, are exceptional cases, and do not greatly weaken the value of the general truth that the art of living together can only be practically learned by living together, and that they are most likely to be permanently happy and harmonious who early begin to practise the art in the familiarity of the household.

Perhaps much good cannot be expected from a discussion of the different ways in which this early social intercourse is provided for or avoided in different countries. We never can understand the peculiarities of other nations that have had a long growth. Thus the French method of bringing up women in seclusion and banning freedom of association with the opposite sex is contrary to all that we have been urging in this essay.

The French are for the most part quite satisfied with their traditional plan. The claim that their domestic happiness is no whit less than that of their free-mannered neighbors. But it must be remembered that French ideas of what a husband should be differ widely from our own; and the natural politeness of the race supplies many attentions which even the most affectionate husband would be in danger of neglecting. The probabilities are that French people would "get along" with any system of personal intercourse somewhat better than we should—at least, if judged by a surface survey. But that does not show that their plan is the better one. It would never fit our notions of a deep understanding of one nature by another.

Our plan of permitting a very free association of young people together, so that they may have ample opportunities of judging character early in a wider circle than that of the family, is the ideal. Its advantages are seen in the fact that the American woman is more capable of taking care of herself than any woman in the world, is least easily deceived, knows mankind the best, and yet has not lost her femininity. That is because she has treated the world as a wider home, and her friends as if they belonged to her family.

THAT is the bravest ambition which is vigorous enough to overleap the little life here. The highest aspirations seek not fame. Whatever we can do of good in this world, with our faculties or our affections, rises to God as humanity's song of praise. Amid the million tongues ever joining to swell the holy music of that song, are those which sound loudest and grandest here, the tones which travel sweetest and purest up to the eternal throne, which mingle in the most perfect harmony with the anthem of the angel choir! May not the most obscure life be dignified by a lasting aspiration, and dedicated to a noble aim?

WOMEN would do well to remember—nor can the truth be impressed upon them at too early an age—that all the brilliant accomplishments, all the solid information, all the learning in the world, are nothing worth, in comparison to a patient, cheerful temper, and an affection for, and perseverance in, the moral and domestic duties of life. Home ought to be the temple of a virtuous female; she may leave it occasionally, and be happy amid the beautiful fruits and flowers of the world; but let her, like the bee, gather honey from them all, and let that honey be reserved for her own dwelling, let it be a palace or a cottage.

EMERSON, arguing for sincerity in action, says, "What I must do is all that concerns me, not what people think. This rule, equally arduous in actual and intellectual life, may serve for the whole distinction between greatness and meanness. It is the harder, because you will always find those who think they know what is your duty better than you know it. It is easy in the world to live after the world's opinion; it is easy in solitude to live after our own; but the great man is he who, in the midst of the crowd, keeps with perfect sweetness the independence of solitude."

THERE are few mistakes more unintelligent and inexcusable than to imagine that, because something is highly amusing and interesting to us, it must therefore be equally so to others, and on that supposition to force it upon them, or to weary them with its minute details and our rhapsodies upon it. It is one of the still remaining forms of tyranny, which only a clearer insight into others' rights and a deeper sympathy with their needs can sweep away.

THIS sustained power of carrying out a determination always necessitates a certain mental process, often long and complex, connecting the idea with the act. The steadfast mind does not grasp the nearest chance of satisfying the want or the feeling, but considers and adjusts the means to the end in view, not only regarding their efficiency for the purpose in hand, but also weighing the probable effects they may exert upon the rights and welfare of society.

THE habit of self-control is the repeated authority of the reason over the impulses, of the judgment over the inclinations, of the sense of duty over the desires. He who can govern himself intelligently has within him the source of all real happiness. The moral energy which he puts forth day by day increases by use, and becomes stronger and keener by exercise.

MONOTONY is the cause of many of our diseases. The dead sameness of many lives gradually produces a sense of mental and physical depression which is injurious, both directly and indirectly. All therefore should try to obtain variety of occupation and amusement.

TRUE glory consists in doing what deserves to be written, in writing what deserves to be read, and in so living as to make the world happier and better for our living in it.

EVERY day brings to us some new lesson in life if the heart is willing to grasp it.

CONFIDENTIAL CORRESPONDENTS.

A. F.—"Love Me Little, Love Me Long," and "It is Never too Late to Mend," are the titles of two novels written by Charles Reade. He died April 11, 1884.

S. L. T.—You will have to wait as patiently as you can for time to make its developments. A lady is debarred from taking active measures in love affairs. She must wait to be wooed if she would be won.

LIZZIE.—Paste diamonds are made of glass containing a very large proportion of lead. The lead gives the glass great brilliancy, but unfortunately makes it so soft that the artificial jewels made of it soon lose their sharp edges.

KATIE.—There is no difference in the meaning of the words fatal and mortal when they are applied to wounds. A fatal wound is just the same as a mortal wound; and to say that a person was fatally wounded means the same as to say that he was mortally wounded.

L. D.—A lady should not expect a gentleman, when driving, to lift his hat in acknowledgment of her bow, for it is not always convenient for him to do so. A simple bow on his part fully satisfies the demands of etiquette. If on horseback, he should lift his hat or touch it with his whip.

E. D. C.—Before Queen Elizabeth's time there were no colonels. The commander of a regiment was a captain. This is why you read in the old romances and ballads of captains but never of colonels. The office of colonel was created in 1568. The name is from the Italian colonello—the commander of a column.

C. F.—Charles Dickens was born at Landport, a suburb of Portsmouth, on the 7th February, 1812; he died at Gadshill, near Rochester, on June 9, 1870, in his fifty-eighth year, of an effusion of the brain, the result of overwork. Opinions differ as to which of his works is the best. Probably, if the question could be put to the vote, "David Copperfield" would receive a majority.

G. R. T.—The reason for associating auburn-haired damsels with white horses is "one of those things no fellow can find out," although there have been several explanations of the origin, none of which, however, can be looked upon as trustworthy. Generally speaking white horses are beautiful, so are red-haired girls; ergo, it doubtless arose from a natural association of the beautiful in nature.

P. F.—Lalla Rookh is the heroine of the immortal poem bearing her name, written by Thomas Moore in 1817. According to the poem, she was the supposed daughter of Aurungzebe, Emperor of Delhi, and was betrothed to Alixis, Sultan of Lesser Bucharia. On her journey from Delhi to Cashmere she was entertained by Feramors, a young Persian poet, with whom she fell in love; and her delight was unbounded when she discovered that this poet was the sultan to whom she was betrothed.

O. N. B.—The question of shaking hands upon introduction is one that must be decided by circumstances. In a more casual or accidental presentation simply bow to man or woman. If a stranger is presented in your own home always offer the hand, as do also if the presentee is a friend of your friends, or a person of whom you have heard from them—that is, to his credit. (2.) Twenty-four inches waist and thirty-six bust should give a fairly symmetrical figure. Your writing is good, and indicates an even temper.

E. A. D.—If your style is piquant wear a witch's costume at the fancy ball—a short, black skirt, black stockings and high-heeled shoes with buckles, a red bodice with mutton-legged sleeves, a white kerchief crossed on the breast, a small peaked black hat, and in your hand a broom tied with red ribbon. (2.) You use too many capital letters in writing, otherwise your letter is nicely written and well composed. You are a brunette, but not of a pronounced type, or you would not freckle. The real olive-brunette skin tans, but does not freckle.

R. R.—An odometer is an instrument for determining the distances passed over in traveling; also known as pedometer, perambulator, etc. Odometers attached to the wheels of carriages were employed by the ancient Romans. This kind of odometer records by a mechanical contrivance the number of revolutions of a wheel in passing from one place to another. The odometer carried by pedestrians, and designed for recording the number of steps, is generally called a pedometer. It resembles a watch in size and shape, and may be worn in the vest pocket. Its machinery is so constructed that by the rising and sinking of the body with each step a lever is made to vibrate, which moves the index hand connected with it.

BOTHERED.—People are divided by some into Idealists and Realists; and he who told you that you were an Idealist, told you the truth. You are evidently young, and romantic, and you therefore judge of the world as you think, not as you know. You form your opinion of men and matters according to an idea, a before-conceived idea within you. All young, imaginative people are Idealists, and are very happy; when they grow older, and know more, they become Realists, and are often unhappy. They thought the world good; they now know it to bad: they thought men honest; they now know them to be untrue; in fact, throughout life. Reality is constantly fighting against Ideality—that is, experience against mere opinion. Now you understand what the gentleman meant by calling you an Idealist, and you find that, after all, you need not have looked silly.

THE GLAD YOUNG YEAR.

BY H. M. S.

Only a garland of withered leaves;
Only the wail of the wind, that grieves
  Over the dying year.
Sadly we listen; our hearts are full,
As we stand on the year's dim verge to cull
  All memories sweet and dear.

As the sunset's flush in the western skies
Deepens in splendor as daylight dies,
  So the glow of the holy-tide
Touches with lingering tender grace
The fading smile on the old year's face—
  The face is has glorified.

Under the garland of withered leaves,
Lulled by the wail of the wind that grieves,
  Is sleeping spring's fairy-train;
And gaily its ladder of stars there climbs
The musical peal of the new year's chimes,
  Bringing hope to our hearts again.

Were They Wrong?

BY G. G. S.

IN these days of competition and battling in life's way, when no one has time to look up from his own selfish interests or give a thought to his neighbor, it is seldom that we hear a story of quiet, unostentatious, self-sacrificing heroism; and this very rarity serves to enhance its beauty amongst the dust and mire of the world.

Whatever faults there may be in the telling, I think my readers will agree with me that this little tale belongs to the rare category which I have just mentioned.

Some twenty years ago a young lawyer might have been seen walking rapidly along a crowded street in the City of London.

It was one of those intensely hot days in August when almost everybody seemed overcome by the heat, and is little inclined to hurry themselves about anything.

The lawyers were no exception to the rule, but the one whom our story concerns seemed oblivious to atmospheric influences.

His handsome face was slightly flushed, and his brows were knit in deep thought. He had been glancing at the paper that morning, and his eye had suddenly been attracted by the name of someone he knew—a lady of high social standing—who had been accused of stealing a large sum of money.

He would have staked his life on the girl's innocence.

She, Lucy Stainsbury, the belle of all London, the queen of beauties, the woman whom he loved so passionately, and yet hardly dared hope to win—she a thief! Impossible! ridiculous!

Arthur Middleton's mind was full of angry and indignant thoughts as he walked along. Certainly the evidence was overwhelmingly against her, but he would believe in her against the world.

It was not the lawyer's judgment, but it was the lover's reason.

A smile began to flicker about his lips Supposing the evidence went against her, and all the world turned their backs upon her; supposing the hundred admirers of yesterday vanished in a moment, and all those heads which she had turned, and those hearts which she might have kept true if the fine weather of her life had continued, suddenly glided away, might there not be a chance for him at last?

So thinking, he arrived at his destination, and took the preliminary steps to gain an interview with Miss Stainsbury. This was soon accorded him, and he entered the cell where she was confined.

She was sitting at a small wooden table in the centre of the room, and her head was resting on her hands. She rose wearily, and as she did so he noticed that her face was very pale, and that deep purple lines were under her eyes.

She was certainly an exquisitely beautiful girl. Her features were quite faultless, her complexion peculiarly delicate, showing off to greater advantage the rich color which her cheek usually wore.

She was just twenty-one, though she looked younger.

Her eyes were soft and lustrous—they were very tender eyes, very sympathetic, wholly bewitching.

Goodness only knows how many unwitting conquests they had not made. She had a kind, soft mouth; a pretty, childlike chin, and a deep forehead, over which her hair clustered rather low.

Arthur Middleton came forward and held out his hand, but she did not take it, and waved him aside.

"No, no," she said; "you will spurn me like all the rest when you know how bad I am. I said yesterday that I was not guilty, but it is no use to do so any longer and I plead guilty. I have told my father and Mr. Barkbridge, our lawyer. Think as badly as you like of me, I know I deserve it all; but oh, don't say anything to me now; I shall die of shame. I can hardly bear what my father has said to me today, though I know I deserve every word of it. You do not know how frightfully even bad people like me can suffer. Oh! for God's sake, leave me, Mr. Middleton!"

For some moments he stood where he was, rooted to the spot, while cold drops of perspiration mounted to his brow. She, on whose innocence he would have staked his life but a few minutes before, had confessed her guilt with her own lips! Good God! All life seemed suddenly darkened, all light extinguished.

A shudder ran through her whole frame, and a look of terrible anguish came into her face.

This recalled him to the present. His idol was fallen, but she was quite alone, quite desolate, with none to love her but him.

For a moment love trembled in the balance. Should he give her up or not? Then a great wave of love and pity swept over him, and inwardly cursing himself for his inconstancy, he stepped to her side and took her hand in his, but for some moments no words would come.

"Poor—poor little thing," he said at length, in a strange, choking voice; "come and sit down here, and I will tell you something."

She obeyed him mechanically, and he knelt beside her, still keeping her hand in his.

"Long years ago, when I was quite a child, but for all that quite old enough to know better—when I did know better, Lucy—I used to cheat. I was found out at last. Thank God I was found out, for it cured me; I never did it again. But I shall never forget the awful burning shame of that time. For years afterwards the thought used to make me shudder whenever it came into my mind. My poor little one, I know what torture you are suffering now. I know how much wrong you have done, but I know you will never do it again. Dear, do you think that I am going to turn my back upon you though all the world is cruel? No, no; I will comfort you and help you to do right, my poor wilful little one, if you will only let me. Lucy—Lucy, I love you. Will you learn to love me a little, dear? Will you be my wife?"

Her head had sunk upon his shoulder by now, and she was convulsed with sobs. She did not tell him that she loved him, but as he pressed her to his heart and felt her soft arms clinging round his neck, he knew that she was his. And at that moment a strange feeling stole into his heart that in his fallen idol there still lay the possibilities of attaining the glorious heights to which his love had once exalted her.

At last she raised her head and looked at him.

"Will you still love me, Arthur—still? Oh! think what you are doing before you decide."

He sighed.

"I am giving up all the world, and gaining you. Do not praise me. It is merely a selfish sacrifice, Lucy, for I love you far the best."

Her eyes lighted up with joy and love as she gazed into his face. Then she remembered her shame, and dropped them.

An idea, a sort of inspiration, took possession of Arthur's mind, and deepened into a conviction. It might cause her pain to act as he was going to do, but for all that he must satisfy himself on this point.

"Look up at me, Lucy," he said tenderly.

She looked up at him, and, as before, her eyes looked very happy and very lustrous at first, and then she seemed to remember her shame, and the color faded from her face as she dropped her eyes.

"Don't drop your eyes like that, dear; look at me—so. Lucy, do you know that I am sure that you are good, and pure, and innocent above all women? You did not take that money."

She turned deadly pale, and her breath came in quick, short gasps. She tried to speak, but he prevented her. One of those strange, unreasonable, wholly indefensible determinations, which sometimes seize hold of a person quite unaccountably, took possession of the young lawyer then. In any one else he would have laughed at the idea, probably have said the person was doing wrong.

Even for himself, if it had been the case of any one but Lucy, he would have considered the action ridiculous and wrong. But he did not think so now. He gently silenced her, and his eyes were glowing with love and admiration as he began to speak in a low, vibrating voice:

"Do not be afraid, dearest. I know that you are guiltless, but it is not for such a one as me to rudely dare to turn you from the noble path which you have taken. No, if you have chosen to sacrifice yourself for another you shall do it. Only let me bear with you your shame—rather your glory's crown in my eyes, Lucy. Tell me all about it, love; I will keep your secret."

He felt her little form trembling as he gazed at her. Poor timid heart, it stood confessed in all the shame of its gentle deed of self-sacrifice! No happier moments are ever vouchsafed to poor mortals than were granted to these lovers just then.

She told him her story in a few simple words. Soon after she was arrested she had guessed who the real criminal was. She knew facts that no one else was aware of, which made her certain that no one but her niece, Elsie Chalmers, a girl about her own age, who had been married in the beginning of the year, could possibly be the culprit.

"But why did you choose to bear all the blame?" inquired her lover.

"Oh, I had a long time to think over it, and I had a lot of reasons before I made up my mind finally. Shall I tell you all of them? and she blushed and looked more bewitching than ever.

"Of course, you must tell me all of them."

"Well, then, first of all, Arthur, I loved you dreadfully, and I thought somehow that you loved me too, although you were so shy and always kept out of my way. So, dear, I thought that if you had kept out of my way when I was rich, and happy, and courted, you would come to me when I was in trouble, if you really loved me—and you see I was right. And then I thought that I would try you further still; see if you loved me 'for better, for worse,' as men vow to love their wives—and, Arther, you did. Then I had other reasons, stronger ones perhaps. And they were, firstly, the thought of poor Elsie. I had seen her in the hall just after they had arrested me, and I had noticed how terribly frightened she looked. Oh, Arthur, it was a dreadful look on her face, and it haunted me. I believe she would have died of shame if her husband ever knew that she was a thief. I lay awake all last night thinking of it until I couldn't bear it any more, and so I made up my mind that I would plead guilty. You see I have no husband's heart to break——"

"No; only a lover's to make happier than any man's has ever been before," he interposed.

"And I know Elsie loves her husband passionately, though she is so wilful and headstrong. It would break her heart to now lose his love. And—and ——" but Lucy blushed and did not finish her sentence.

However, Arthur filled in the rest without difficulty, for he knew that a child would shortly be born to Elsie Chalmers.

He smiled and kissed Lucy, and they spent a very happy half-hour. But all things must end, even love in a prison cell, and Arthur had to go to business at last.

"Well, then, the first thing I have to do is to get you released, little woman?"

"Yes, dear," she answered in a tone which clearly showed that she had every confidence in her lover's ability to accomplish this task without difficulty.

"You know it is very likely that I shan't be able to manage it, Lucy—very likely. And you will get a long term of imprisonment. What then, dear?"

"What then? Won't you wait for me?" she said, trying to appear cheerful.

A smile was his only answer to her question.

"We won't think of such gloomy possibilities, dear. But, supposing that I get you released at once, what will you do? Where will you go?"

She looked up at him quickly, then blushed and smiled, and looked down again. The dullest lover could not have mistaken her meaning.

"Lucy, love, will you be my wife at once, then?"

"If you will have me, Arthur."

"Are we to be married by special license the day you get out of this place?"

"No, dear; let us be married properly and openly. Let our banns be published first. You aren't ashamed of me, I know——" and she looked up confidently in his face.

"Ashamed! You know how proud I am of you. But where will you stay until we are married?"

She hesitated and seemed deeply pained.

"I can't go home, Arthur; I really can't. They are so dreadfully angry with me. Oh, I can't bear the shame of it."

He looked at her curiously for a few moments.

"What a nuisance the horrid proprieties are which one has to think of. If it weren't for them I could take another room for you at my lodgings, and you could stay with me until we were married. Ah, how happy that would be, love, wouldn't it?" and he sighed at the thought of the Elysian dream which Mrs. Grundy forbade.

"I don't care what people say; they can't say much worse of me than they do now. We are not going to do anything wrong, dear. Besides, whatever untrue scandal they like to invent about us, their mouths will very soon be stopped, for we are going to be married. Please let me stay at your lodgings, dear. I have nowhere else to go, and I shall be so miserable if you don't let me."

These arguments were conclusive. They were going to do nothing wrong. She wanted it; they both wanted it; and she would be unhappy anywhere else. It may not have been wise or prudent, but it was settled that as she wished so it should be.

The first thing that Arthur Middleton did after he left Lucy was to go to Mr. Black, the plaintiff, and try to make him withdraw the action which he had instituted against Miss Saintsbury. Mr. Saintsbury had already seen Mr. Black that morning, but the latter gentleman was too infuriated to listen to reason.

Arthur's plan of action was simple in the extreme. He let Mr. Black expend the whole fury of his invective, then he handed him his check book and a pen. Mr. Black stared at the book, fidgeted uncomfortably, and looked as though he were going to break into another torrent of abuse; then, thinking better of it, he smiled, dipped his pen in the ink, and treated himself very liberally—so liberally indeed that Arthur, who was a man of some means, was left comparatively penniless. Nevertheless, the lawyer signed the check, and it is doubtful whether there was a lighter-hearted man than himself in all London as he left Mr. Black's that day. The remaining difficulties were overcome, and shortly afterwards Lucy Saintsbury was released.

"It won't do to potter about here trying to sell my practice well," he thought to himself. "I will let Smith have it for £2500, though it's ridiculously little. I can't keep it on any longer. Lucy would only be miserable. I must take her away somewhere—to Australia perhaps—and we'll make a fresh start right in the country away from everybody."

The day after Lucy was liberated, Arthur called on her father to acquaint him with their approaching marriage.

"I hear that she has gone to your lodgings. I am not surprised; no fresh disgrace which she brings upon me could surprise me now," said Mr. Saintsbury bitterly.

"She could not bear the shame of coming back here. You have treated her very harshly, if she has done very wrong, sir. You have little idea how you have pained her. And as to fresh disgrace, I should have thought you knew your own daughter well enough to feel sure that, whatever the world may say, she could not do such a wrong as you impute to her."

"I should have thought," replied Mr. Saintsbury with sarcasm, "that I knew my daughter well enough to feel sure that she could not be a thief. I thought so too; but, you see, I was wrong. In any case, I wash my hands of her future. If you marry her, I tell you I consider you a fool; but that is no affair of mine. All that I have to say is, that you need not expect me to settle anything on her; she shall not have a penny. Good God, and what brilliant prospects the girl had! Every one was taken with her. Why, the Marquis of Earl's Court had positively arranged to call and propose to her the day after she was arrested"—Arthur could only feel thankful that he had not pressed his suit earlier, while the marquis was still on the tapis—"I can only feel thankful," continued Mr. Saintsbury, "that the matter was exposed before she was married to the marquis, for in that case, the scandal would have been a hundred times greater. But, sir, see the difference between the marquis and yourself; on the one hand, a man of incalculable wealth and the highest position, and on the other, a young lawyer—a rising professional man of great promise, no doubt, and possessing some thousands, but still——"

"No, Mr. Saintsbury; possessing some £2,000 odd. You don't think that old Black dropped that action, or that I got Lucy released for nothing?

"However, it is of no account. I have quite enough. I have been offered £2,500 for my practice, and shall accept it. We are going to be married in about two weeks' time, and then, after spending a long honeymoon in the country, I shall take Lucy away to Australia, and we will make a fresh start there. I don't think there's any use in discussing the matter further, so I'll wish you good morning." And he rose and left the room.

The two lovers were very happy in their dingy lodgings. Happy all day, when he took her long excursions into the country, and happy as they sat together each evening, "billing and cooing," as lovers should, until at last it grew so late that, with a sigh, they had to rise and say good night.

Mr. Saintsbury so far relented that he settled $15,000 upon his daughter, and was even present at the wedding to give her away.

The bridal pair spent a long honeymoon of several months amongst the beauties of the lakes, and then they returned to town to spend a week at her father's house before they started for Australia.

I imagine that that was a very trying week to the poor girl. I happened to call upon the Saintsburys, inopportunely enough, when she was there. She sat in a corner of the room, apparently unnoticed, except by her husband, who remained by her side almost the whole time, trying to keep her interested in conversation. In any other case I should have laughed at the foolishness of the young husband who could display such bad form in public, but, under the peculiar circumstances, I do not think that anyone could have failed to admire his loyalty to his wife.

On the day on which they started for Australia, I happened to be at Waterloo Station, seeing off a friend, who was going down to Southampton by the same train as the Saintsburys, and I saw, all unheeded by both, the farewell between father and daughter. The two were standing alone, as they thought, in a saloon carriage with Arthur as the only witness.

Mr. Saintsbury had been very stern with Lucy, and it had cut her to the quick. The little lip was trembling as she raised her eyes to his, and said:

"Father, father, do forgive me! oh, please do!"

"I have striven to forgive you, Lucy; but it is impossible to wholly forgive such disgrace as you have brought upon me."

She burst into tears.

"Good bye, then, dear. I know I don't deserve to be forgiven," she sobbed. Then she raised a look of beseeching entreaty to him, then turned away.

It was too much for her father; he softened towards her, and caught her in his arms.

"My poor little girl; I do forgive you. I have been too hard on you, Lucy. Look up and kiss your father again, child."

I slipped out of the carriage unnoticed. I think Mr. Saintsbury must have been glad in after years that he quite forgave his daughter before they parted. He was a good hearted man, and had much to forgive.

Arthur Middleton, the social outcast, with a blur upon his name, cut by his acquaintances, disowned by most of his friends, was a very happy man in his new Australian life. How delightful it was to come in after the toils of the morning, to find the mid day meal prepared by his wife's hands; to watch how she studied his tastes, and sought to find out his favorite dishes; and to see her anxiety to please him, and her fears lest she might not, and her confidence that love would cover a multitude of sins in cookery as well as in everything else.

Oh, a young wife's fluttering in the first soft nest which her fond mate has lined for her is a pretty sight to see.

But the happiest time of all was when the toils of the day were ended, and when in the cool evenings the two wandered lover like among the trees; when, with his arm round her waist and her arm thrown round his neck, she softly murmured his name, and told him a thousand times that same old story which was always new; how she loved him, and what a happy, happy woman he had made her.

And so the time rolled on.

I had been one of Arthur Middleton's closest friends, and we still kept up our acquaintance—that is to say, we exchanged letters about once a year.

He told me that I should not know his wife if I saw her again. If she had been beautiful when she left England she had reached perfection now. The sun had tanned her skin brown, and the effect, he said, was indescribable. She was queenly beyond all words.

I reflected on this for a few moments, and came to the conclusion that it probably was not a mere lover's delusion. I could quite understand the effect which would be produced when that delicately-white complexion, which we in England used to admire so much, had been tanned to a darker hue.

I could well understand how perfect it would look when lighted up by the ruddy glow of her cheeks and the crimson of her lips, with her dark hair to frame the whole, and her soft, lustrous eyes, which gave the finishing of queenliness to her face.

Arthur knew that I had once suffered heart-flutterings on her account, and I am inclined to believe that he thought this description of his wife would arouse my jealousy; but if such was his intention it was disappointed, for as soon as I had read the letter I handed it without a blush to the girl who was seated beside me. She read it through, and then looked up at me curiously, as she inquired:

"Did you know her?"

"Yes; a little. Everyone knew her."

"And almost everyone fell in love with her. Did you, George?"

A lover's fib was on the end of my tongue, but those dreadful eyes of hers were teaching me to be terribly truthful. She believed so implicitly everything I told her that I could not find it in my heart to deceive her.

"Well, I was a little affected once, dear. But it was very slight—you needn't be jealous—I never proposed to her."

"I'm glad you didn't, for I don't think she would have accepted you, and I should have hated for you to have been snubbed."

"What a soft answer, love!"

"Oh, you are laughing at me! I was going to tell you something, but I shan't now; you're too horrid!"

I immediately perished with curiosity, as the Frenchman would say.

"Do you know, I don't believe she is a thief, George."

"Don't believe she's a thief? Why, how foolish! She pleed guilty."

"For all that, I'm sure she was innocent!"

Experience had taught me that it was useless to attempt to get an idea out of this little woman's head when once it had got in there, so I simply remarked:

"Very well, dear. You are a very wise little woman, and I daresay you know a great deal better about it than I do." Secretly I laughed at her.

"Oh, she is so sweet and good; I'm sure she can't be a thief"—the indisputable logic of women.

"I was very jealous of her once, and did two of the most spiteful things to her that I could think of. Well, dear, she found out or guessed what it was about, and she sent for me and was so sweet about it that before long I was in tears——"

"How kind she must have been!" I interposed.

"If you will only make fun of her I shan't tell you any more."

But my curiosity with regard to this jealousy had been too far aroused to go unsatisfied, so I made my peace with her, and she continued:

"She made me stay all that afternoon, because she said he was coming to dinner—yes! it was about a 'he,' George, that I was so jealous of her, but you needn't be jealous, for I met him often afterwards, and found out that I didn't like him a bit, and—and I think I was very foolish ever to care for him"—she blushed bewitchingly—"please forgive me."

Need I tell the most dull and stony-hearted of my readers what followed?

When this was over we talked of our wedding, her dresses and other subjects on which I needed instructions.

I found out that evening that Lucy and she were firm friends, and wrote to each other frequently.

I laughed at her then for believing Lucy innocent, but years afterwards I wondered at her insight. She was then where I could no longer pour my praises into her ears.

Arthur and Lucy never had any children. They had given up everything—all the world—for just each other; and who shall say that the new world which they had found, that little world of their two selves, was not God's very paradise on earth to them?

For ten years they lived thus; free from the strife and turmoil of the world; finding sufficiency in each other's love. And then she died.

He brought her body home. But before he reached England, Mrs. Chalmers, unable longer to bear the burden of her guilty conscience, had told the whole story, and all who had known Lucy Saintsbury was thrilled with the tale.

I was among those who saw her laid to rest in the peaceful little country cemetery of the place where she was born. I recognised many faces there which I had not seen for years. How many of her old admirers were there, most of them married men now, with families growing up around them; but they yet remembered that sweet face, and their hearts still beat faster at the sound of that familiar name. Not a few of her rival beauties were there how many of them with tears in their eyes!

The Marquis of Earl's Court was not there; I learned afterwards that the Marchioness would not let him go, poor fellow.

Elsie Chalmers was there, sobbing as though her heart would break, and beside her, at the foot of the grave, stood Arthur, with his head bowed and his face pale and set.

All through the reading of the service he held his wife's little prayer-book in his hand, but he could not have seen a word for the tears which dimmed his eyes.

When all was over he filled in the grave with his own hands, and laid green sod on the mound.

As I gazed upon the crowd of mourners, I marveled at the irony of fate. This girl, who had laid aside reputation and praise, and all that most hold dear, was now being laid to rest with a halo of beauty, of striving with younger rivals, of final defeat, and the mortification of seeing another belle reign where she had once been supreme, while she herself sank forgotten into insignificence and obscurity. Now she must ever live in the memory of those who had known and loved her, as a name to be cherished among the purest things of life, and her story would be told to the next generation.

Oh, the irony of fate! And she was dead!

I did not see much of Arthur Middleton in the years that followed. He settled in the country, and I lived in town, but we used to meet two or three times in the year.

He always struck me as a man who lived in dreamland among the memories of the past.

It may have been fancy, but it seemed to me that his face used constantly to wear an expression of subdued happiness, like the hues which linger in the western sky long after the sun has risen upon another world.

One day, some four years after Middleton had returned from Australia, I walked down Oxford street with a friend when we suddenly encountered Arthur. He joined us, and we walked on together in the direction of Holborn.

My friend, James Dalkeith, had known Middleton years before, and he began chaffing him on his age.

"But, seriously, my dear fellow," he said, "a man of your age—not more than 45—shouldn't bury himself in the country in this unsociable fashion. You ought to marry again, and buy up some practice here." I never gave Dalkeith credit for much tact.

Arthur flushed slightly, as he answered, "I believe it has been rumored two or three times that I was going to marry again, but I have no intention of doing anything of the kind. I would not be so untrue to my dear wife. Besides," he added, "we shall not be parted much longer now."

I had always felt from Arthur's manner that he looked upon himself as only separated from his wife—perhaps he never realized quite fully the gulf of death. He had become rather romantic, I thought, since he went to Australia, but he was not in the habit of speaking out his feelings so freely as this, especially to a man like Dalkeith. I think my friend's words must have annoyed him.

We walked on in silence for some moments, none of us seeming inclined to speak. I fancy that Dalkeith considered Middleton a fool.

Suddenly Arthur uttered a cry, put his hand to his heart, and fell to the pavement.

We took him to the nearest hospital; but it was too late. Heart disease had done its work. Probably none of us three had thought how soon his prophetic words would be fulfilled.

I found this story, just as I have told it, amongst my friend's papers. I followed him to his grave and saw him laid to rest beside his wife.

It was spring time, and the trees and flowers were budding into fresh life, while the birds sang all around.

I have never visited the spot again, but I do not think its memory will fade from my mind.

At times, when life seems all blackness, and when one cannot see beyond the mire and vileness of the world, the thoughts of that peaceful scene comes to my mind, and I think of my two friends—the husband and his wife—who lie at rest beneath the green turf. Somehow the thought seems to smooth out many of life's worst perplexities and solve its hardest riddles.

I lingered at that grave long after the mourners had gone away. I watched the sexton fill the mould and replace the broken sods; and when he had gone, I seated myself upon the mound and looked at the granite cross at the head of the grave. Of course there was only his wife's name upon it as yet, and beneath her name a space left for his, and then came a simple text:

"Bear ye one another's burdens, and so fulfil the law of Christ."

On a little cross at the foot of the grave were her initials, a space for his, and then the text:

"Love is strong in death."

I lingered by that grave till the shades of evening began to fall, thinking thoughts which men seldom find time to think in this work-a-day world.

I stayed until the church bell began to toll for evening service, and a few people to come to the churchyard; and still I could not tear myself away from the peacefulness of that scene.

"Oh, the little birds sang east, and the little birds sang west,
"Toll slowly.
"And I smiled to think God's greatness flowed around our incompleteness.
"Round our restlessness, His rest."

THE ANCIENT INCAS.

THE early history of the Incas, or ancient Peruvians, is shrouded in oblivion. At the time of the Spanish conquest, in the beginning of the Sixteenth century, their empire extended from about the second degree north to the thirty-seventh degree of south latitude, embracing the modern republics of Ecuador, Peru, Bolivia and Chili.

The people who inhabited it were of rather less than the average height, light copper color, highly civilized, industrious and of very contented disposition.

They were numerous and warlike, so far as acquiring neighboring lands and bringing the people under their sway was concerned.

In these characteristics they present a marked contrast to their equally civilized but yet unknown neighbors, the Aztecs, in the north, and the Patagonians in the south.

The Aztecs were diminutive, almost sufficiently so to earn the name of pigmies; whilst they were most pugilistically inclined, fighting and conquering for the love of war. The Patagonians, on the other hand, were savages in every way, and of immense stature.

The head of the Government was the Inca or king, as the word signifies. He represented a despotism so thorough that the food of the people could be withheld at his word.

The succession descended from father to son unbroken through their whole dynasty, being claimed by the eldest son of the 'boya,' or lawful queen, as she was called, in distinction from the king's numerous concubines.

It is a noteworthy coincidence of Egyptian and Peruvian custom, although too much importance should not be given to it, that the queen was selected from the sisters of the Inca—the idea of this revolting practice being to keep the heaven-born race (so called) uncontaminated from the world.

The heir-apparent was very early given into the charge of the 'amatas,' or wise men, who instructed him in all the knowledge they had, and particularly in religious matters, as the Inca was the head of the church.

At the age of sixteen he was examined very rigorously with the young nobles for admission to the order of chivalry.

This examination consisted of the performance of athletic exercises, such as running, boxing, fully trying their agility and strength; severe fasts, mimic combats with blunted weapons. This lasted thirty days. At the conclusion, the successful candidates were presented to the sovereign, and had their ears pierced to receive the round ornament denoting their degree of nobility. This ornament was inserted in

the gristle of the ear, and so distended it that in some cases it rested on the shoulders. After this, the candidates moved off to the public square to indulge in songs and dances. This ceremonial was called the "huaraca."

The Inca represented the Sun, and presided over all important religious festivals. He alone could raise armies and command them; he controlled the imposition of taxes, the making of laws, the appointment and removal of judges. He was the head of everything, and from whom everything flowed.

The nobility were of the same blood as the Inca, but immeasurably below him in dignity; the proudest of them could not come into his presence unless barefooted, and carrying a burden of some sort upon his shoulder, to denote the homage due to the Inca. The common people were as much below the nobility as the nobility were below the king.

No one was allowed to be idle. Idleness was a crime, and severely punished. All the mines belonged to the Inca, and were worked for his benefit. The various employments were usually in the hands of a few, and became hereditary; what the father was, that the son became.

A great part of the agricultural products was stored in granaries scattered up and down the country, and was dealt out to the people as required. It will thus be seen that there was no chance for a man to become rich, neither could he become poor. The spirit of speculation had no existence there.

Education was monopolised by the Inca and the nobility. The teachers were called "amauta." The "quipu" were the books. The "quipu" was a small cord from one to two feet long, made of variously colored threads twisted together.

From this other, smaller and thinner cords were hung, forming a fringe; all the cords were different colors. The colors represented objects such as gold, silver; sometimes white signified peace; red, war; but they were chiefly used for calculation. The fringe and cord were tied into a number of knots, which stood for ciphers; and these, used in conjunction with the colors, could be made to represent any amount required.

These quipu were also the records by which statistics from all parts of the country, relating to population, trade, military and local affairs, etc." were preserved. They were deposited in the Peruvian archive house at Cuzco.

In this respect the Peruvians were far behind the Aztecs, who had a system of hieroglyphics, which, although a poor substitute for an alphabet of arbitrary signs, was yet capable of expressing more, and in a clearer manner, than could the quipu.

These records were under the charge of the amauta, who taught their pupils from them. This was the way history passed down from generation to generation, and it is easy to understand how an event might become exaggerated and distorted.

The Peruvians were not so advanced in scientific knowledge as their northern neighbors. They divided the year into twelve lunar months, each of which was known by a particular name, and distinguished by its own festival.

The year was further divided into weeks; but of what length, whether of seven or more days, is uncertain. They based their calendar upon the lunar year, and corrected it by observations taken with the help of cylindrical columns set up round Cuzco.

From these columns they could tell the exact time of the solstices. The time of the equinoxes was obtained from a single column with a circle drawn round it, and a diameter drawn east and west.

When the sun was almost immediately over the column, and the shadow scarcely to be seen, they said, "The god sat with all his light upon the column."

The year commenced about the 21st of December. Had the conquerors not been possessed of a ruthlessly destructive spirit, the history of the Incas would be as clear as our own.

We are indebted for what we do know to the enlightenment of the few noble Spaniards, such as Sarmiento, Ondegardo and Gomara.

The religion of the Peruvians was the most important of their institutions. The whole fabric of the State rested upon it. They acknowledged the Supreme Being, the Creator and Ruler of the Universe, whom they adored under the name of Pachacamac.

So greatly did they venerate this invisible Being, that they studiously refrained from insulting him by making a representation of him in any form. They worshiped him in one temple only, near Lima,—the Mecca of the race—and to which pilgrims gathered from all parts of the Peruvian empire.

The also worshipped the Sun with the highest adoration. It was emblazoned on all their banners; sacrifices were constantly being offered up from numerous altars, and they regarded it as the founder of the royal line.

Among other objects which they worshiped were the elements—winds, earth air, mountains, rivers.

The images and idols of conquered nations received a place in their mythology, and were duly worshiped. The temples in which these deities were enshrined literally blazed with gold, particularly that of the sun.

This was so situated that the rays of the morning sun shone in at the eastern portal, lighting up the interior, which, being decorated with golden ornaments, sent back such a glorious flood of light, that no surprise can be manifested at the adoration with which these simple minded people regarded the great luminary.

Near to the temples of the Sun, and next in importance, was that of the Moon; all the decorations of this were of silver. The Stars, Thunder, Lightning, Rainbow, each had its respective chapels or temples. Everything in connection with the religious services was of gold or silver.

The religious ceremony was very elaborate, consisting of burnt sacrifices and offering of flowers. The sacrifice of human beings and the practice of cannibalism did not disgrace their ritual, as was the case with the Aztecs.

THE STORY OF WILLIAM TELL.—(By a Civil service Competitor.)—William Tell was a noble Scotch mountaineer, who refused to salute the hat which the English general, Marlborough, had caused to be nailed to a post.

This brought about the revolution and the thirty years' war, from which Tell came back victorious, and was proclaimed King of Britain under the name of William the Conqueror. But he tarnished his glory by beheading his wife, the unfortunate Anna Bullen.

In order to expiate his crime, he sent on a pilgrimage to Palestine his only son, Richard Coeur-de-Lion.

Richard, on his return, because of his religious zeal, was thrown into prison by Luther, Calvin, Voltaire and Rousseau, who formed the directory of France—the same revolutionary directory which sent to the scaffold that sainted monarch, Louis the XIV.

It was then that, in order to avoid similar troubles in Spain, the king, Don Pedro the Cruel, established the Inquisition, which ended in the September set and the repeal of the corn law by Daniel O Connell, only son of Rufus, who was shot by an arrow by Sir Walter Tyrrel, the founder of a colony of that name in Switzerland.

SOCIAL STATISTICS.—At a spiritualist soiree which was held in town last summer, as many as six professed teetotalers averred that they felt under the influence of spirits.

Of twelve hundred young gentlemen who last year traveled on the Continent, no fewer than a dozen did not seize the opportunity to try and get up a moustache. One hundred and eleven members of the Peace Society have since last April discontinued dealing with their pastry cook, on the ground that they believed he dealt in warlike stores because of the inscription in his window "Balls Supplied."

Proofs are extant, in the shape of linen drapers' bills, that since Michaelmas ten thousand so-thought strong minded women have been weak enough to purchase things they had no use for, simply because they were ticketed "Great Bargains."

Of a hundred single men who last season received cards for what the genteel call "At homes," and the vulgar "Tea-fights," ninety pleaded "sudden illness" or "previous engagement," and of the ten heroes who virtually went, only two had courage to pass beyond the staircase.

AT THE PIANO.—In the way of musical criticism we have have seen nothing more frank and emphatic than the following on a performance of Madame Carreno's in Sandhurst, Australia:

After Madame Carreno's concert was over, a critical listener quietly took us aside, and gave vent, as follows, to his pent-up feelings:

"I tell you, mister, she was a slasher. Our Jennie could not hold a candle to her. When she first sat down, she looked kind o' wild; then with a howl she dug her finger nails into them 'ere rough notes, and shut 'em like lightning up into the thin ones. Then she paused for a reply, mister.

"She then commenced at the right-hand side, went a rippling down, hand over fist till she got clean down, makin' a noise like thunder. She then yanked a handful of notes out of the centre and planted them at the end, then wriggled around with two fingers, grabbed up another fistful, punched right and left, went ripsty-hopety-scotch up and down—and I tell you that 'ere pianner howled.

"She then gave another snort and when she went she busted in like mad, raised up off her chair, stuffed three fingers there, caromed six more in the corner, gobbled in a few more tunes, and settled their hash in about a minute. After that she tackled it with the left hand alone. Between you and me, mister, the man that owned that 'ere pianner went shiftin' around on his chair as though he had a carpet tack under him. Good night, mister."

A PUNSTER BIT.—A person who delighted in a pun, and could not forego the pleasure of one, though it might deprive him of a friend, was known to be a great epicure, and to consider a dish of woodcocks quite a luxury.

Some of his friends who had frequently smarted under his lash, perceiving his weak side, determined to let him feel the lex talionis.

Accordingly, they one evening introduced a stranger, who, in the course of conversation, mentioned the abundance of game in his neighborhood. This roused the punster's attention, and he inquired whether there were any woodcocks.

"Oh, plenty," replied the stranger, "they are brought in quantities every market day, and sold for a mere trifle a brace."

Such an opportunity was not to be lost, and the punster requested, as a particular favor, that the gentleman would send him a small hamper, that he might regale himself and his friends.

The request was complied with, and the hamper arrived. His friends attended to see it opened.

"Oh," said he, as he loosed the cord, "what a glorious sight we shall have! a whole hamper of woodcocks—the very essence of luxury!"

With eagerness he raised the lid; but who can paint the punster as he stood, when, instead of his favorite game, he beheld a number of spigots and faucets!

RELIEF OF POVERTY.—The question, "How to relieve poverty without creating worse evils?" is perhaps, of all the problems of society, the one which comes the most closely home to the consideration of every intelligent and sympathetic person. At this season of the year, when the rigors of the winter are about us, it is specially binding upon each one of us to give to it his or her most thoughtful and patient attention.

It is true that busy people are not able to look up every case of distress that comes under their notice or to study deeply in respect of the problems they present; yet it takes a certain expenditure of time, money, and feeling simply to listen to a tale of woe and to drop a coin into the hand of the beggar. If, instead of this careless and somewhat selfish indulgence of the benevolent impulse, persons would devote even that small amount of time and means to some wiser and more hopeful method of charity, they would far better fulfil their responsibilities in this matter.

COMPANIONS FOR LIFE.—When does a daughter appear so attractive as when showing her love to father and mother—as when employed in lightening their cares or relieving their burdens.

It would not be far from wrong to say to a young man who is looking with some degree of interest for a life companion:—Would you know what kind of a wife she will make upon whom now you have your eye? Ask what kind of a daughter she is now.

If she is indolently selfish, leaving care and work to her mother—especially if she is unloving or undutiful—beware of her—she is not likely to make you happy. If she is an affectionate and self denying daughter, if she is intimate and confidential with her parents, you have in that the best promise of happiness in the future.

The eye of mother and father beaming with delight as it rests upon a daughter's form, moving lightly in their presence is an unspoken recommendation of untold value.

At Home and Abroad.

A Chinese lady, Hu King Eng has received a doctor's degree in America, and has returned to China to practise her profession at the Women's Hospital in Foo Chow. She is the first Chinese woman-doctor who has practiced in her native land, and, although she took her degree over a year ago, she has remained in America to gain actual experience in medical work.

That romantic tale of Explorer Nansen's home flying carrier pigeon has been promptly proved to be an Arctic canard. Only a polar duck could have lived in those icy seas, let alone a carrier pigeon, even if Nansen had taken a dovecote of the little winged messengers along with him. That one could have flown from some far frozen domain, such as Franz Josef Land, the naval experiments near the coast have demonstrated as beyond belief.

A red dinner was given recently at a London hotel by two gamblers who had won 380 000 francs at one sitting from the bank at Monte Carlo by playing on the red. The room was draped in red, red shades were placed over the electric lights, geraniums decorated the table, and the waiters wore red ties, red gloves, red shirts and red buttons on their coats and vests. The menus were printed in red, with a roulette on one side and a figure 9 on the other, that being the number of successive runs on the red by which the money was won.

The latest idea of the Emperor William is reported to be the construction of a printing press for service in the field. He has, it is stated, had a carriage constructed in which a little press is arranged, so that in a campaign he will be able to have his orders, proclamations, etc., printed for distribution. Up to the present, he has, we understand, always been accompanied by a carriage containing a table, on which his secretaries copied his orders. His Imperial Majesty will, it is said, make use of the new field printing press at the great manœuvres next autumn.

A young man has put his bicycle to very profitable use in Australia. He has practically established a postal route between Coolgardie in the centre of the gold fields, and Dundas, the nearest town. The distance between the two places is 200 miles, but he carries letters and telegrams backwards and forwards in a small letter-box strapped on the back of his machine, for one shilling and five shillings a piece, respectively, making the trip once a week. A water-bottle, revolver and a sharp knife are the chief items of his outfit—essentials in that arid and bush ranger infested country.

There is only one woman in England who is qualified to call herself a goldsmith. This is Mrs Philip Newman, who is also the only jeweler in London who manufactures goods upon the premises. Mrs. Newman designs all the jewelry she makes, herself, having studied in Paris and in most of the European museums. She also copies antique jewelry most faultlessly, especially that of the Greeks, Etruscans, and Egyptians. She complains that few jewelers are able to make the whole of a trinket, each separate portion being made in various departments, and thinks that the work would be a good opening for girls, if they have no objection to spoiling their hands.

On calm days the crew of the lightship anchored three miles off the mouth of the Columbia river, Oregon, are able at ebbtide to lower a bucket over the side and bring up water fresh enough for drinking purposes. This fresh water spreads out over the surface of the ocean in the shape of a fan, the apex being the mouth of the Columbia. It is only about two feet in depth, and if the bucket is allowed to sink below that depth the water with which it is filled is strong ocean brine. There are not many rivers in the world with strength sufficient to send their waters so far out to sea, the principal exception being the Amazon, which freshens the ocean for 20 miles off its mouth, ships having filled their casks with fresh water from the Amazon when out of sight of land.

How's This?

We offer One Hundred Dollars reward for [illegible] of catarrh that can not be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure.

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Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Price 75c per bottle. Sold by all druggists. Testimonials free.

Our Young Folks.

WREN'S STOLEN MARCH.

BY F. B. Q.

"YOU'VE cheated somewhere!"

"We haven't."

"You have."

"We haven't. Hurrah for St. Nicholas!"

It was always so when the rival schools of St. Michael and St. Nicholas met, this wrangling, this jangling, amongst the boys; why, nobody seemed to know; but it was so. To-day the juniors of these two grammar schools were playing their annual challenge cricket match, the one with the other, and here they were, come out of their first innings, the St. Nicholas' side scoring the highest as yet; the St. Michael's declaring loudly that there had been foul play, cheating, some underhand trick played—to account for it every boy seeming to have a way of his own for expressing it.

"Show the score sheet," cried someone.

"Nonsense! What has the score sheet got to do with what I mean?" cried Ernest Stanton, the St. Michael's captain and the hot accuser of the rival party.

"Well, what do you mean?" reasonably inquired the St. Michael's captain.

"Yes, out with your meaning, Stanton," even his own side cried. "Let's have all square and above board our way, let the other side be ever so sneaky."

But this Stanton would not do—perhaps he could not, for jealousy will whisper many a mean thing without foundation of truth; so he replied, "'Tisn't anything I can show, but I'm sure of it; and you're the most underhand, mean cheat of the whole lot."

This last was spoken to the St. Nicholas captain, a lad named Fred Wren—Jenny Wren, his companions called him, a quiet, reserved, blushing, fair-faced boy, having something of the girl about him, his school-fellows must have thought, in giving him that name. But he was a good cricketer, that is, for one of the junior eleven.

Still, he had pluck enough to cast back the accusation, and to say "I ain't"—using the word of a half-educated child, however. "How could we cheat?" but coloring like a girl, and backing a step, to be out of the way of Stanton's hand.

"You fibber, you know you did!"

"I know I didn't; and you know it," was the flat contradiction.

"Leave the muff alone. What can you expect from a Nicholasite?" said one. "Hip-hip-hip-hurrah for St. Michael's!" they cheered, groaning down the counter-cheer raised by the other side; and when both had died away, Stanton had to go back for his second innings.

"And I'll have a word with you, my fine fellow, about the prize picture affair when I've a minute to spare." This he said to Wren, and then went rushing away.

Wren looked after him.

"You may have your word with me," said he, for the bystanders to hear; "but I've as much right to send in a picture as you; and I shall, too, and am quite sure to win my prize, which you're certainly not, for all your talk, and calling your picture 'Old Dog Tray.'"

"Don't let Stanton hear you say that; he says he shall beat you all to nothing!" spoke Will Linwood, a St. Michael's boy, who had brought his sister to see the match.

"We shall see," replied Wren; and he walked away with a broad grin on his face which Linwood could not understand.

"He looks as if he were sure of the prize, doesn't he, or something?" he remarked. "Surely he doesn't mean——"

"Doesn't mean what?" questioned his sister.

"Nothing," said Will, and kept his thoughts to himself.

The prize picture affair was a competition, open to boys under ten of the two schools, to paint a water color picture. The paintings were to be hung in the Assembly Rooms on a certain day for public view; and on the evening of the same day the prizes were to be distributed; the first a silver watch, the second a bronze medal. The prize pictures would be hung in the Dean's study, he being the author of the scheme and the giver of the prizes.

The boys said it would be a close contest between Ernest Stanton and Jenny Wren, by what they could judge from the peeps at the two pictures they had had—Stanton's subject being Old Dog Tray, Wren's a Cat and Kittens.

"Bah! who cares for a St. Nicholas boy's daub, and Jenny Wren's into the bargain?" scoffed Stanton's supporters, propping him up. But the Michaelonians, as they called themselves, had a defeat to-day on the cricket field—a near shave of a defeat, though, they said, the others only creeping into victory by one run. "And that an underhand victory, too," as Stanton persisted in saying, he and his party trying to groan the victors off the field, though they would not be groaned off, but stayed till the very last, and shouted themselves hoarse over their near shave of a victory—but a victory, nevertheless.

"Only let me meet that sneak of a Jenny Wren!" threatened unreasonable Stanton.

A week after he did meet him—he, Will Linwood, and Will's sister, going to school.

"I say, 'tis no use your sending in your daub of a picture; you'll never win the watch," so he began the attack.

"I shall send it in, and I shall win my prize;" said the other, that unreadable grin on his face still, as Linwood expressed it.

"Your prize—hear him; he speaks as if he had it in his hands. You'll not get over the art judges by any creepy, crawly ways as you and your party did, you know when."

"You know that's all nonsense, Stanton; and I shall win my prize, as you will see," and Wren grinned his grin again.

"Win the silver watch, will you?" cried Stanton hotly.

Wren made no reply, but began to walk on.

"Stand your ground, and answer me;" and hot-headed Stanton tossed off his book satchel, and gripped him by the hair of his head. "Now, what do you mean by your prize—you little braggart?" he cried, using a big word.

"I know what I mean," blurted out the other, making a very wry, ugly face—and no wonder; and he began to kick.

"Kick, will you?" Now Stanton cleverly took him by the leg, as he so well knew how, and tripped him up, and left him sprawling on the ground; while Linwood and his sister laughed unthinkingly.

Of course Wren picked himself up, and went to school. Then days came and went; the young artists carried in their pictures and saw them hung; after which, hours and minutes were counted among the eager boys, and at last the exhibition was open.

People flowed in and out the whole day, the young exhibitors among the number, their hearts growing sick with hope deferred. All could not win; some must be disappointed.

Many a word of praise they heard spoken of the rival pictures; and at last the show was over, the doors closed, the judges in their seats, in the midst of a group of breathless lads. You could have heard a pin fall.

"How that fellow grins!" whispered one, nudging Stanton and nodding at Wren, who sat with smiling face but as white as a sheet.

Ernest Stanton's picture highly commended. The silver watch, the first prize, is his," read one of the judges from a slip of paper; and Stanton went and received it with flushing face. "But hear me first," went on the judge, as the lads began to cheer. "Frederick Wren's picture is the best production by far, but as it is said, which is against the rule of the competition, he could not take a prize, save the worth of his picture—five pounds." Ah! they cheered now with hearty good will.

But their hip—hip—hip—hurrahs! were louder still outside the Assembly Rooms, when Wren, pale, flushing, and pale again, stood amongst them all, and Stanton said, like a last thrust—

"Why, Wren, what a mercenary fellow you are!" And Wren answered—

"I should have liked the watch best, but I wanted the money—for—to buy an invalid carriage for my sister."

There was a hush; the eyes of the boys met; they knew her, a little snowdrop of a girl, whom they had seen lying on a couch in the garden.

"He's stolen a march—a noble march—over all our heads. Hip—hip—hurrah!"

And this made peace between the rival schools.

NOT CHARGED FOR.—During the holiday season the managers of hotels in Geneva, Lucerne, and Lausanne look upon strangers as god-sends designed for fleecing, and among the charges for a dinner they will not scruple to enter bravely, "four gas-burners, four francs; rose water—for finger glasses—one franc a head; saloon, eleven francs," just as if they had given their customers the option between being served in a private room or on the street pavement.

Some time ago a Genevese hotel keeper stole a march on his competitors by adding to his bills, "View, ten francs."

"What do you mean by 'view?'" the traveler used to ask.

"Why, the view of Lake Leman and the Mont Blanc which you get from these windows!" the hotel-keeper would reply.

"But I have come to Switzerland on purpose to get these views; and I can have them from the street without paying."

"That may be; but here you have the satisfaction of having them before you without leaving the hotel."

"Well, but the weather has been rainy and foggy during the last week, so that I have not seen the Mont Blanc at all, and under the circumstances ten francs a day is too dear."

"Ah, sir, wait until the sun shines, and then you will admit that no sum of money whatever could pay for such a matchless sight!"

The crafty speaker of these words was wise; but soon afterwards a rival hotel-keeper trumped his best card by the simple expedient of putting on his bills, "Views not charged for," which struck the public as quite a liberal concession.

JERUSHA.—Students of Roman history cannot fail to be interested in a statement that fell from the lips of the late Senator Windom, respecting the mechanical capacities of the Roman fleet two thousand years ago.

This gentleman, having been elected chairman of the committee appointed to consider the regulation of the great rivers in such sort as to facilitate their navigation, delivered an impassioned oration at the first committee-meeting, in which he drew an eloquent comparison between the grain fleets that would be enabled to issue from the Mississippi to all parts of the globe, and the convoys of corn-laden vessels that in days of yore supplied mighty Rome with cereals from Egypt.

"When," he exclaimed, "one of these Egyptian convoys was expected to arrive, the stately Roman steamers, gaily dressed in many colored bunting, sallied forth from the Eternal City's port in order to pick up the slower sailing-vessels and conduct them safely into the Tiber mouth!"

Some disorder in the proceedings of the committee was occasioned by the learned senator's authoritative attribution of steampower to the war-galleys of the Cæsars.

Mr. Windom, after in vain endeavoring to regain the attention of his fellow-commissioners, sat down amidst shouts of merriment. Thereupon the representative of Iowa arose and addressed the meeting with saturnine gravity to the following effect—

"For my part, gentlemen, I believe the senator's story is correct. We must not rashly reject anecdotes of this description. Why, I have an illustrated Bible at home in which Cain is drawn shooting his brother Abel with a long rifle. That event can give point to the senator's Roman steam-galleys any how."

A COOL PICKPOCKET.—A cooler pickpocket than is spoken of in Stuttgard was never seen. He was an obsequious little man, who offered his services to his victim, to show him the lions of the city, but the other refused the offer.

The officious personage, however, was not offended, but politely asked him what o'clock it was. The other answered that he did not know, as his watch had stopped, and continued his walk towards the Museum of Natural History, which he entered. He had not been there many minutes before the same person came up to him, with the air of an old acquaintance, and offered him a pinch of snuff.

This Mr. W—— declined, saying he was no snuff-taker, and walked away; but some minutes after, having a presentiment of something being wrong, he felt for his snuff box, but instead of it found a scrap of paper in his pocket, on which was written, "As you are no snuff-taker, you do not require a box."

He thought the logic of his unknown acquaintance rather impertinent, and resolved to bear his loss like a philosopher; but what was his amazement when, a moment after, he discovered that his watch had also disappeared, and in the pocket was another note, in the following words: "As your watch does not tell the hour, it would be better at the watchmaker's than in your pocket." It is unnecessary to say that he never heard any further tidings of the two articles.

THE WORLD'S HAPPENINGS.

Rockefeller's income is $27,000 daily.

The German Emperor has had three zebras broken in for carriage use.

A florist, who claims to know, says New York uses 30,000,000 roses and 15,000,000 carnations every season.

There is much irregularity in the terms of Maine schools. Some are now closing, and others, in the back towns, are just opening.

Judge Martin, of Atchison, Kansas, is celebrated as the man who never wore a necktie in his life except on the occasion of his marriage.

That one deer does duty in many an adventure is proved by the fact that a deer shot in Weld, Me., the other day was carrying 11 bullets in its body.

Dr. Joseph Czajkowski, a foreign bacteriological expert, is reported to have discovered the microbe of measles. It is a slender bacillus with blunted ends.

Some patriotic, but mischievous, youngsters in Lee, Mass., took a neighboring farmer's white horse one night recently and painted its head red and its tail blue.

A fossil dragon fly 27 inches long, armed with big jaws and teeth, has been found in the coal measures of Commentry in the Department of the Allier, France.

Pure milk is insured to the inhabitants of Havana, in the Island of Cuba, by the milkman bringing his cows with him and drawing off at each house the amount required.

A man arrested for drunkenness explained that he had been to a political meeting, and had been affected by some of the arguments, which were regular staggerers.

A match-cutting machine is quite an automatic curiosity. It cuts 10,000,000 a day, and then arranges them over a vat, where the heads are put on at a surprising rate of speed.

The sexton at Brooks, Maine, has a box containing 161 little snakes, of all colors, that were found in one nest at the graveyard. They were of the size of big angle worms and upward.

Never place a pair of new shoes higher than your head, says an old superstition, or you'll have bad luck wearing 'em, and never black one before putting the other on, for a similar reason.

Coal dust is successfully used as fuel for boilers by a process invented by a German named Wegener. It is fed to the furnace automatically, and only ordinary chimney draught is needed.

Three times as many American horses have been sold in England this year as were called for in 1894, and their average price at the ports of shipments has been $145. They are used chiefly for draughts in London.

The revival of business has reached Sedan, Kansas, and a Southwestern newspaper notes an improvement in the horse market in that town, reporting that a local trader, who, last week, traded one chicken for one horse, now holds one horse for two chickens.

A traveler in Japan says that the Japanese tramp takes his hot bath daily if he has a fraction of a cent to pay for it, or his cold bath if he hasn't a cent. He carries a comb, toothpicks, a razor and a tooth brush in a little bundle.

M. Lugne l'oe is going to try a new form of theatrical entertainment in Paris this winter. It is a guignol, or puppet show, in which living actors will take the part of the puppets and make the gestures, while the text is recited by the showman.

England expects that its census to be taken next year will show that Great Britain has at last passed France in population, though its area is but little more than half as great. The population of France in 1891 was 38,343,192 and of Great Britain 37,888,153.

Steps will soon be taken in Maryland to organize among the women of the State a "Mount Vernon Society," whose first object will be to perpetuate patriotism, and the second to assist in the preservation of Mount Vernon, the old Washington homestead on the Potomac river.

In future the Russian War Office has decided to use gray horses only for artillery purposes, the reason given for the innovation being that animals of this color have been found by experience to be stronger and more enduring than the brown ones now used.

An English officer was shooting recently in Scotland. One night, when he was in bed, inside his tent, a lion sprang over the rough thorn fence and seized the sportsman himself—fortunately, only by the hand. Then, by some wonderful piece of luck, as the lion changed his grip for the shoulder, he grabbed the pillow instead, and so vanished with his prize.

Davenport, Wash., has enforced the Sunday closing law in a very exemplary manner. A number of citizens of that town called on all the saloonkeepers and business men and asked that they close their places on Sunday as a matter of courtesy to oblige the citizens whom the committee represented. There was a prompt and general compliance with the request.

JANUARY.

BY W. W. LONG.

Thou art a mile-stone on the reach of Time,
A jewel of the fair dead years,
That bring back memories of the past,
With all its hopes and fears.
Bright summer with her tender flowers,
Red roses, lilies white, and amaranth,
Made thee a wreath—it faded on thy brow.
Killed by winter's storms, oh bridal month.

SOME NATIONAL AIRS.

Of all these the best known is "The Marseillaise." In dealing with airs of historical interest, one must perforce omit many of the most beautiful songs of every nation breathing of country sights and sounds, the fond vows of lovers, the peaceful joys of home—such, for instance, as the Volkslieder of Germany.

Of the martial songs more particularly connected with the various periods of storm and stress in Germany, one of the most celebrated is that of the Rhine, composed by Becker, and answered by Alfred de Musset in other well-known verses. The "Watch am Rhein" by Max Schneckenburger was composed about the same period as the Rhine song, but attained its widest popularity during the war of 1870. Unlike Becker's song, it cannot boast of having been set to music by seventy composers.

The German national anthem, "Heil Dir in Siegerkranz," was written originally for the birthday of Christian VII., king of Denmark, by a Holstein clergyman. The words were written to the air of "God save the King" in 1790, and a few years later were modified for Prussian use.

The national airs of America have some curious associations. The "Star-spangled Banner" was written by Francis Scott Key, on board the frigate Surprise, during the bombardment of Fort M'Henry by the British in 1814. Key, the story goes, had gone to release a captive friend, but was not permitted to return to Baltimore. He witnessed the engagement all night, and at dawn, when he saw that the star-spangled banner was still floating from the ramparts, wrote the verses, which, on his return to Baltimore, he had printed, with the direction that they should be sung to the Irish tune of "Anacreon in Heaven."

This song had been many years previously adopted by the Society of Amateur Musicians, called the Anacreontic, which held its merry meetings at the "Crown and Anchor" tavern in the Strand, London. A certain president of the society—Ralph Tomlinson by name—wrote the words of this somewhat bacchanalian song, while John Stafford Smith set them to music. The strains of "The Star-spangled Banner" are supposed to have been first heard in a tavern near the Holiday Street Theatre, Baltimore. Like so many more songs, it arose in stirring times, and from a somewhat obscure origin ultimately developed into one of the most popular of American national songs.

"Yankee Doodle" is probably a tune of English origin, known as "Lucy Locket's Jig," not older than the middle of the last century. The earliest mention of it is said to be contained in the Boston "Journal of the Times" for the month of September 1768. It informs us that "the (British) fleet was brought to anchor near Castle William that night . . . those passing in boats observed great rejoicings, and that the Yankee Doodle song was the capital piece in the band of music." The original name of the song is "The Yankee's return from the Camp."

In the middle of the last century, General Amherst had under his command an army of regular and provincial troops. Among the former was a Dr. Shuckburgh, to whom the air is traditionally ascribed, though it is probable enough that the words only are to be attributed to him. The colonial contingent seems to have presented a rather sorry appearance with its ill-fitting and incomplete uniforms, and, like British militia in the last century, formed a continual butt for the humor of the regular troops.

Thus Dr. Shuckburgh was but falling in with the prevailing vein of pleasantry when he recommended the tune to the colonial officers "as one of the most celebrated airs of martial musick." Thus, once again, a song that may almost be called the American national anthem owes its origin, not to any lofty conception of national destiny, but to the efforts of a worthy doctor to enliven the tedium of routine in a provincial camp.

Of the other popular song, "Hail Columbia," little of interest can be said. It was written in the closing years of the last century by Judge Joseph Hopkinson, and was adapted to the music of the "President's March." The words had been written for the actor Fox, and are said to have been first sung by him in a Philadelphia theatre in 1798, from which time the song began to rise in popular favor.

One of the most beautiful of national anthems is that of Austria, entitled "Gott erhalte Franz den Kaiser." It is said that Haydn, during his visits to England, had often envied the English "God save the King;" and the outcome of his desire to provide the Austrian people with an expression of fidelity to the throne in the days of the French revolutionary war was the celebrated hymn, for which Haschka—a somewhat minor poet—wrote the words. To Von Zedlitz, a better-known writer, we probably owe the words as now sung.

On the Emperor's birthday, February 12, 1797, the air was sung simultaneously at the National Theatre in Vienna and all the principal theatres in the provinces. Haydn is said to have regarded this anthem—often used in England as a hymn tune—as his favorite work, and towards the close of his life, to have often consoled himself by playing it with great expression.

Not much remains to be said concerning other national anthems of Europe, which are mostly of comparatively modern origin. Thus "La Brabanconne" dates from the Revolution of 1830, when Belgium became an independent country, both the words and the music being composed during the struggle. The author of the words—Jenneval, a well-known actor on the Brussels stage—was killed in one of the actions near Antwerp.

The Russian national anthem was composed three years after "the Brabanconne" by Alexis Lwoff, who, besides being a violinist and musician of note at the head of the imperial orchestra in St. Petersburg, held the honorary rank of general and adjutant to the Emperor Nicholas.

Grains of Gold.

Idleness is emptiness; the tree in which sap is stagnant remains fruitless.

Choose the right way, however rough; it will certainly prove easier than the wrong way.

As the activity of body is evidence of the spirit, so works manifest the presence of faith.

The deepest wounds to our love may be marvelously healed by a salve prescribed for our vanity.

That charity is bad which takes from independence its proper pride or from begging its shame.

Faithfulness is a higher attainment than mere success; and, unlike success, it is within the reach of every man.

Some of the sins whose consequences are visited upon us most cruelly are sins most naturally, and most fondly, committed.

The chief objection to the charity that begins at home is its extreme domesticity, which prevents it from calling on any of its neighbors.

For the best results there needs be the longest waiting. The true harvest is the longest in being reached. The failures come first, and the successes last.

The hopeful are never unfortunate. Whatever adversity the past may have brought them, their present is untroubled, their future is always radiant.

Femininities.

Queen Victoria does not ride a bicycle, nor does she look with a lenient eye on bloomers.

A ladies' chess club has been formed in London. At present it has a membership of thirty.

Old Crusty says it is perfectly proper for a woman to speak of her husband as landed property.

Most men are fools about women; but no man is quite so great a fool as he who is sure that he knows all about them.

Woman's strength is about two-thirds that of man, while her height is as sixteen to seventeen and her weight as nine to ten.

Brooklyn has a society, of which Rev. Phœbe A. Hanaford is President, called "Philitsciponia." It is devoted to philosophy, literature, science, poetr, music and art.

"Oh, dear," sighed the young matron; "I'm dreadfully worried about the children. I don't see why directions for use don't come with them as they do with everything else."

Mrs. Gasto, a beggar, whose home was burned at Spring Valley, N. Y., had the firemen save her mattress, in which she had hidden $2000 or $3000 in bills, besides a quantity of coin.

A girl baby born the other day in Kokomo, Ind., is the fourteenth daughter of a fourteenth daughter of a fourteenth daughter—a record which is thought to be unprecedented.

Sister: You have told me her name, yet I know no more than I did before. Is she beautiful? Brother: Beautiful? Why, she could make even the present fashions look artistic.

Mrs. Suffrage: "It's woman's highest mission to correct the crying evils of the time." Mr. Suffrage, mildly: "Then hadn't you better spank our twins before they yell the roof off?"

She: "And you really attended the Queen's reception in London? The men, I suppose, stand uncovered in the presence of royalty?" "Yes; but not to the same extent as the women."

Adelaide Ristori, who made her first appearance on the stage at the age of two months, at which time, it is to be hoped, she did not take a "speaking part," is now 74. She will spend the winter in Rome.

The fact that a newly arrived girl baby in New York weighs twenty four pounds may indicate what the new woman is to be physically. It looks more and more as if the masculine sex is to be crushed out.

A memorial tablet to Mary, Queen of Scots, has just been placed in Peterborough, near the spot where she was buried after her execution. It was subscribed for by English women bearing the name of Mary.

Washington was the embodiment of gravity. It is said that he seldom smiled and never laughed. A man was once so careless to slap Washington on the shoulder and the poor fellow was frozen stiff by the icy stare of his Excellency.

Boarder: "What are you going to have for dinner, Mrs. Myers? I am hungry as a wolf!" Landlady: "Lamb stew, Mr. Smally." Boarder: "Oh, pshaw! Again? I'm already tired of lamb." Landlady: "Then you can't be hungry as a wolf."

Mamma: "Well, Johnny, I shall forgive you this time, and it's very pretty of you to write a letter to say you're sorry." Johnny: "Yes, ma; don't tear it up, please." Mamma: "Why not?" Johnny: "Because it will do for the next time."

Frances: Oh, mamma, are you sure Santa Claus knows my name is spelled with an "ee" It makes me so worried. Mother: Why, what's the matter, dear? Frances: Because if he thought it was spelled with an "i" he might bring me boys' toys for Christmas, and that would be terrible.

Madge: Oh, Dolly, I've the loveliest bit of scandal! Let's go somewhere away from this crowd so that I shan't be overheard. Mabel (sweetly to musician friend): Daisy, do play that lovely selection from Wagner. Is it divine! Go on, Madge, dear.

"I b'lieve them Oldhams is gettin' to be regular Agnostics," said Aunt Sarah Jane. "They don't keep the family Bible on the centre table in the best room no more." "Well, 'tain't their religion they're hiding," Aunt Ann Eliza replied. "It's their age. Them Oldham girls are getting on."

The "telephone ear" is a new complaint which appears to affect female operators at the central offices, in consequence of listening for long hours at a time to the utterances of the "receiver." The mischief is said to have become so serious that in some places girls have had to give up the work for fear of becoming deaf, or have had to be granted spells of rest during the day.

Kansas had a ladies' smoking club called "The Sparrow." The club room is elegantly fitted up with the most luxurious furnishings, and contains everything that could delight the heart of a smoker. "The Sparrows" is composed exclusively of young women, the number being limited to nine. When one member marries or leaves the city another lady is selected to fill the vacancy, and it is said there are always several applications awaiting action.

Masculinities.

"Is your city a healthy one, sir?" "Oh, yes, medicines are drugs there."

It is easy to look down on others; to look down on ourselves is the difficulty.

Man is a lover by instinct, a husband through reason, a bachelor from calculation.

The 9-year-old King of Spain is an enthusiastic bicycler, but cares nothing for horses.

Toper: "I shay, mister, can you tell me (hic) where the sidewalk is? I am a shtranger here."

No man who has once heartily and wholly laughed can be altogether and irreclaimably depraved.

The worst way of pitching into a fellow, and making him feel generally like a goose, is to tar and feather him.

He: "Do you know, I always feel like a fool in a full-dress suit?" She: "What a pity you can't hide your feelings a little."

No matter how selfish a doctor may be, he is always a man of feeling. He invariably feels the pulse of his patients.

By a vote of 12 to 6, the Judges of the Appellate Division of the New York Supreme Court have decided not to wear gowns.

The great trouble with most men is that they come off victorious every time they engage in a wrestle with their consciences.

The Marquis of Queensberry thinks that marriage should be terminable at the end of two years, at the wish of either of the parties concerned.

The present Lord Lytton has a fear of premature burial and has left an order with his doctor that a long needle shall be run through his heart after his death.

First Citizen, at a monster meeting in Union Square: "Is your watch going, sir?" Second Citizen: "Yes; I expect it is," feeling in his pocket. "In fact, it's gone!"

As an example of the fecundity of the later Alexander Dumas' pen it is said that between the year 1855 and 1870 he wrote more than fifty plays for Paris theatres.

Ethel: "Charlie gave me such a lovely ring for Christmas; it——" Helen; "I'm so glad you like it, dear. He was very uncomfortable about it." Ethel: "Why?" Helen: "What do you suppose I found in my stockings Christmas morning?" writes a friend. From what we know of our friend's habits, we will hazard a guess that it was holes.

"I presume you carry a memento of some sort in that locket of yours?" "Precisely; it is a lock of my husband's hair." "But your husband is still alive?" "Yes, sir; but his hair is all gone."

"What's this I hear about Pickins? They say he is a sufferer from kleptomania. Did you hear anything of that kind?" "Not exactly. I have been given to understand that the shopkeepers are the sufferers."

"Have you noticed," said a man to Dumas, "that it is impossible to make an imbecile acknowledge that he is an idiot?" "Of course," replied Dumas; "the moment he admitted he was an idiot he would no longer be one."

The professor, examining a student: "Where is the north pole?" "I don't know sir." "Don't know! Are you not ashamed that you don't know where the north pole is?" "Why, sir if Sir John Franklin and Dr. Kane and Captains Nares and Markham could not find it, how should I know where it is?"

The Emperor of Germany is passionately fond of sleighing. He uses a sleigh specially constructed for him in Russia, and driven by an imported Muscovite coachman, who wears the costume of his country. He is accompanied on his excursions by another sleigh containing two of his adjutants.

There is one Smith family in Ohio that will never be confounded with the other Smiths if its members are known by their first names. The father is the Rev. Jeremiah Prophet Elijah Smith. His sons are named Most Noble Festus and Sir Walter Scott Bart, and his daughters Juan Fernandez Island and Terra del Fuego.

A fisherman of California is engaged in a somewhat novel industry. He makes a comfortable living by fishing for sharks, which he captures by means of stout lines fastened to stakes on the shore. The fish are then sold for the oil in them. The fisherman is said to have caught as high as eight sharks in one day.

"I want a dog's muzzle," said a little fellow, entering a hardware shop. "Is it for your father?" asked the cautious shopkeeper. "No, of course it isn't," replied the little fellow, indignantly; "it's for our dog." The shopkeeper has resolved to be more guarded in the future when he asks customers questions.

A certain Detroit employer hates a man who whistles at his work, and always asks upon that point. The other day an applicant called upon him. "So you want a job?" he inquired. "Yes, sir," was the polite reply. "Well, the first thing I want to know is, do you whistle at your work?" "I never have, sir, before." "Ah. What kind of work have you been doing?" "Glass-blowing, sir."

Latest Fashion Phases.

A charming toilette is velvet, with small black and white rays, has a plain skirt with godets and corsage with gathers, with jabots on either side finished at the ends by white guipures; the large centre plait is ornamented with rhinestone buttons. This toilette is delightful in green and black, red or black, brown and black or white and black.

A costume in mordore vicuna cloth has a plastron concealed under a corsage of white cloth, embroidered with gold. The plastron is fastened by macaronis of passementerie. The white cloth, embroidered with gold, reappears on the pockets, giving a transparent effect. The collet of vicuna cloth, with white bandlets embroidered in gold, is lined with fur.

In contrast with fur is a medal of gold for the astrakhan collets, with appliques of guipure and cabochons of turquoise; the cabochons of emerald, jet or rubies are all very attractive, but the sweetness of the turquoise is to be considered. The astrakhan jackets remain plain and short, with godets and revers; otter is very rich looking, but, because of its high price, it is not within reach of everyone.

A gown seen at a French wedding called forth much admiration. The skirt of straw-colored brocatelle glace, with mauve flowers, had a deep flounce of straw-colored mousseline de soie held by choux of straw colored velvet lined with mauve. The corsage was in mousseline and brocatelle, with sleeves of straw-colored velvet. The unique chapeau was in point d'Alencon, garnished with violets and a straw aigrette.

For toilettes for young girls we favor white and glace taffetas, enlivened with ribbon and tulle. Let us recommend also the corsages of cashmere velvet in bright, sweet shades, for the deep shades will be soon vulgarized and lose their stamp of good taste. What is more graceful, for example, than a corsage of pink, white, gray or black cashmere velvet, with sleeves of black satin?

The marabout, which has been abandoned for nearly half a century, is again coming into favor. To-day it floats among the richest knots and laces, but the perfection is the folletonzole of emerald, especially destined for the hat of otter or astrakhan, as is also the aixplet and royal coquecore; besides plumes and birds, fine pearls and all jewels are used for the adornment of capotes or toques. The theatre capote is usually made of gold and silver cloth in the renaissance style, but the Gainsborough remains black, with tremendous coques of ribbons. As for the great Directoire nats, to lessen their heavy effect they are adorned with knots of lace, of real lace, of cob web lace. Finally, the Louis XVI hat of chinchilla is trimmed with cars and ornaments intermingled with steel and fine pearls, or, indeed, ornamented with medallions or turquoise and emeralds.

The little accessories of dress are more dazzling and varied than ever before, and small capes, large collars, ruffs and fichus of every imaginable description are displayed in the stores. Then there are innumerable little under bodices of silk and chiffon, satin and lace, which can be worn with open-front coats. The latest novelty in these is made of Paisley velvet with a short jabot of fine cream lace on either side of the box plait in front. Paisley patterned chine ribbons are also used for this purpose, and plaited frills of black chiffon make a pretty contrast. High standing collars of velvet trimmed with applique lace or jewelled trimming, and weird to keep them in shape, are a feature of many of the new gowns.

Coats of various shapes and styles are gaining favor very rapidly, despite the popularity of the cape, and now that the dress sleeve is made to droop more and quite without stiffening, jackets have every prospect of an inning. The latest and most chic of coats is straight and loose, both back and front, with one or two box plaits hanging from the neck in the back. Dressy coats of this sort are made of black velvet and trimmed with fur and jet, or of fancy velvet and satin brocade. They are quite short, and a very jaunty effect is given by fastening the plaits down to the waist under a narrow belt of folded black satin. Large collars of Persian lamb or chinchilla are the usual finish. The velvet jackets, fitted in the back and loose in front, which were worn last year, are made to look quite up to date by a belt across the back and the wide fur collar and fancy buttons in front. Very short, close fitting jackets of caracul or Persian lamb, with large sleeves of brown or black velvet, are worn and made to look very Frenchy with a narrow belt of filigree gold.

Plain cloth coats for constant wear are made in the loose box coat style, or fitted in the back, and loose and double breasted in front, with large smoked pearl buttons down either side. The seams are usually strapped, and many of the sleeves are melon shaped, with a narrow band of cloth stitched over each seam.

A very chic French cape is made of red satin elaborately embroidered with jet, and lined with black satin. It is cut very short on the shoulders with a deep point in the front and back, the irregular scallop edge being adorned by a wide flounce of accordion-pleated black mousseline de soie. The neck is encircled by small black ostrich feathers.

Black velvet is the material for a ravissante cape, with a deeply pointed edge, and bordered with handsome white guipure lace. The large collar with long stoles is made of chinchilla fur, ornamented at the neck on either side of the front by loops of black velvet held in position by cut-steel buckles. The lining is a broche—in blue gray and white.

A charming zibeline cape is bordered by a ruffle of accordion plaited rose mousseline de soie, and enriched in the centre of the front by an insertion of the plaited mousseline. The high collar is made of the fur. Rose satin is the material selected for the lining.

A very swell cape is made of mauve satin, with a short upper cape of mauve velvet, embellished with sun-ray stripes of black velvet, which are appliqued and edged with jet; a double ruffle of accordion-plaited black chiffon borders this cape. Three long bands of black satin, covered with jet, are arranged in the centre of the front, falling from the neck to twelve inches below the waist-line. The black chiffon collar band is trimmed on either side of the front and back by large choux of the same.

Another cape is made of a black and red broche, richly spangled with sparkling black and red paillettes. It is bordered by a wide band of sable fur, edged with a fringe of the sable tails, and fastened in the front by two jet ornaments. The high taperi g collar is composed entirely of fur. This cape is lined throughout with red satin.

A stylish godet cape is made of black velvet, with a round yoke of white satin, relieved by a multi-colored jet embroidery and edged with black ostrich feathers. The feathers also surround the lower edge of the cape and form the collar.

Another black velvet cape is lined with white satin and striped on each godet by a band of white antique guipure lace, the neck being finished by a flaring velvet collar, lined with lace.

A delightful winter cape is made in a full circular shape in black bengaline, warmly lined throughout with squirrel lock. The deep roll collar is of marten, the same fur being continued in long revers, which also cover the upper part of the front of the cape, but become narrower as they reach the hem.

A very pretty evening cape is made of pink and green chine broche, with a conventional design in black scattered over it. It is made in a full circular shape, and is edged with a full chicaree of silk, in black, pink, green and yellow, the three last-mentioned colors all being shot with other shades. A quaint little capucine hood, lined with shot pink and green glace silk, is also edged with the chicaree ruche, in which all the colors of the broche are ingeniously and tastefully repeated. The high collar is bordered with small black ostrich tips, curling over in a very graceful fashion. The swell cape is lined throughout with white thibet goat.

Odds and Ends.

ON A VARIETY OF SUBJECTS.

How rare it is to find anyone able to read aloud properly, and yet what a treat it is when you can get one to do so. Children, and those who read indistinctly, should be made to read aloud at the far end of a room, with some one listening at the other end, to correct them whenever they mumble or lower the voice.

It is a capital plan to make boys and girls describe in their own words some event in which they are interested, stand at a little distance from you. It is a good preparation for public speaking, and gives practice in clothing their thoughts in appropri te language.

Here are some useful hints for those who keep canaries. A daily bath is necessary to keep the feet clean, the sand being removed whilst master Dick is having, so that his pedal extremities do not get clogged. The water should be tepid in winter. Hemp seed should be given in small quantities and with discretion; a little is warming and the birds look upon it as a great delicacy. Should a bird after moulting still look sickly, a rusty iron nail in its drinking water acts as a tonic. A little bread or biscuit soaked in port wine may occasionally be given.

Do not let the side of your bed ever be placed against a wall, but well out in the middle of the room, and, where it is possible, the head to the north. Free circulation of air is absolutely necessary to health, and where this is not obtainable, headaches, bad dreams, and other ailments are the result. Never close the register of your fireplace, and if you are too delicate to bear your window open at night, leave the door partly open, if possible.

In every house there should be a drawer, in which, string, scissors, nails, hammer, and other small tools should be kept for immediate use. In another drawer brown paper, neatly folded, should be always kept. Much needless trouble may be avoided if these things can be always found in the same place ready for use. It should be the business of one member of the family to see that the ink bottles are kept clean and filled, and that sealing wax and pens, paper and envelopes, are at hand, and the blotting paper changed for fresh when used. Umbrellas should not be left stretched open to dry but closed, and with the handle downwards, otherwise the silk-covering and the metal work rot and rust.

Here is the recipe of some delicious cakes, which are always to be found on the tea-table of a home famous for its genial hospitality. Take a quarter of a pound, respectively, of flour, butter, and sifted sugar, two eggs, a little grated lemon-peel or essence of vanilla. Should the butter be hard, melt it slightly, and beat it into a cream, then add the sugar beating it in well into the frothy butter; next beat in one very well-beaten egg, afterwards adding the flour by slow degrees; lastly, beat in the remaining egg which must be thoroughly well-beaten first itself. Mix the whole very carefully, and then pour into small buttered patty pans, baking in a brisk oven until the cakes are of a rich golden color.

Some other cakes, scarcely less delicious but simpler in manufacture, can be made by mixing one pound of flour, half a pound of butter and of castor sugar, one teaspoonful of baking powder, and a little grated lemon peel. This should also be poured into buttered patty pan and baked in a brisk oven. Careful and thorough mixture is essential for the success of both these recipes.

Wisdom teeth coming up in the mouth are often responsible for all sorts of mysterious illness in growing girls and boys, and even in older people. They come up at all ages, and in all sorts of corners, sometimes trying to force their way up under double or other teeth; then begins a spirited warfare, neither tooth willing to give way, and serious ill-health—spinal derangement, fits, and even blindness are the result. Many lives have been saved by the timely examination of the mouth, and sometimes the necessary removal of one of these offenders. It is well to remember this in cases of obscure and obstinate illness not amenable to ordinary treatment. Cases sometimes occur when when wisdom teeth are cut by people of mature age, and even by old people.

A suggestion may be taken from Russia and Scandinavia for the cooking of game. A partridge, grouse, or pheasant, may be treated in the following manner:—When the bird has hung for a week, pluck it, and place it in a dish with milk so that it is completely covered. It can stand for several days, but the milk must be occasionally changed. Before roasting, lard the bird with bacon and place it in the oven with milk in the roasting pan. During the roasting operation pour three or four spoonfuls of cream over it at intervals; this will give it a nice brown glaze. Before serving pour more cream into the thick gravy in which it should be served. This treatment makes the flesh most tender, and although entailing great trouble and care, the result is incomparably superior to the usual mode of cooking game.

Potato Patties.—Mash three or four moderate sized potatoes, add an egg (raw) to them, make into the form of little patty cases, fill with a small quantity of minced meat or of dressed fish, cover with a half ball of the potato, brush the outsides over with yolk of egg, put in the oven to brown: when done place a paper on a dish, with a fish slice carefully remove the patties from the tin in which they are baked, and place on the paper to serve.

LANGUAGE AND ITS USE.

While it may be said that as a Bible in the household conduces to correct moral enlightenment, for that education which contributes towards success in one's everyday relations with the world nothing can take the place of a good dictionary. And the part such a book plays with respect to the English tongue is entirely and it may be said exclusively filled by Webster's.

At first view it may seem strange that so much should be claimed for this great intellectual work, but reasoning and reflection will clearly demonstrate why it is so.

Assuming that mental culture is at the base of all personal improvement and as personal improvement in the mass of a people measures its standing among civilized nations it will be seen that in giving such exalted credit to this volume the mark has by no means been overstepped.

To speak more specifically Webster's Dictionary is a compend of all modern literature and the man who owns one has in his possession a vast library always entertaining, reliable and accessible. It is a magnificent illustration of the truth that knowledge is power, for with this book at hand it may be said so far as speech, reading, writing, spelling and consequently thinking, bear upon individual and general welfare they here offer best service.

Some may ask and wonder if these circumstances apply specially and alone to Webster's. In the sense of adaptability for poor purses as well as those better filled and for every-day use and convenience, the answer is unhesitatingly and emphatically in the affirmative.

Indeed to be the fortunate possessor of a copy of Webster's International Dictionary is in itself a liberal education. It is filled with with information from cover to cover. In addition to the main part of the work, which of course gives words, their spelling, pronunciation, definition, and derivation, there are many features, inseparable to a good dictionary, but carried out in this one to their fullest completion.

There is a brief history of the English language, an essay on pronunciation, lists of classic, Scripture and geographical names, a biographical dictionary and many other desirable features.

The first edition of Noah Webster's dictionary was published in 1828, nearly seventy years ago, and since that time, owing to successive and always "up to date" improvements, it has kept in the front rank of reference books. Other alleged dictionaries have risen and fallen, but Webster's International Dictionary is the standard now wherever the English language is spoken. Typographically it is clear and distinct, and as a guide to a better and more complete knowledge of the universal tongue it is absolutely without compare. Its voluminous appendix has been carefully revised and its illustrated accompaniments are invaluable. The latest edition contains many thousand new words which custom or popular usage has made a part of the language. We repeat that with the Bible, and a Webster's Dictionary, a reading man is fully equipped for battle with any of the social, religious, or business problems of life. In conclusion it may be added Webster's Dictionary is the standard authority for THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

LETTING AN EMPEROR OFF CHEAP.—Joseph II., Emperor of Germany, traveling in his usual way, without his retinue, and attended by only a single aide-de-camp, arrived very late at an inn in the Netherlands, kept by an Englishman. It being fair-time, and the house rather crowded, the host, ignorant of the quality of his guests, appointed an outhouse for their sleeping room, with which they readily complied; and after eating a little ham and biscuits, they retired to rest, and in the morning paid their bill, which amounted to only three shillings and sixpence English, and rode off. A few hours afterwards, several of his suite came to inquire after him, and the publican learning the rank of his guest, appeared very uneasy. "Pshaw! pshaw! man," said one of the attendants, "Joseph is accustomed to such adventures, and will not think any more of it." "But I shall," replied the landlord; "for I can never forget the circumstance, nor forgive myself either, for entertaining an Emperor in my house, and letting him off for three-and-sixpence."

When the hair begins to fall out or turn gray, the scalp needs doctoring, and we know of no better specific than Hall's Vegetable Sicilian Hair Renewer.

STONES OF FIRE.

THE turquoise was believed to have the power to protect from falls and bruises by taking the fractures on itself, and was supposed always to lose color on the death of its owner.

The pearl was endowed with marvelous powers, and among others that of preserving the virtue of its owner, hence it is a custom in the East to present the bride with a pearl on her marriage.

A very curious description of Babylon found in a manuscript of the 14th century was published in 1782.

"A city," says the author, "rich in gifts of ages, safe from disease and distress, where all faces are joyous, and where the three holy rivers flow costly stones, some of which dispense a beautiful light, and others give health and strength. There is the emerald, brighter than a mirror, jasper which preserves from poison; the garnet, which casts out demons and destroys serpents; the diamond, which can only be affected by the blood of kids; the topaz, which gives its own color to all it approaches; the garnet, which makes its possessor happy and rich; the coral, which wards off the thunderbolt; the hyacinth, of the color of day, that cures all diseases; the margarita, formed of dews; in a word, every precious stone that possesses miraculous virtue."

Is it surprising that men, firmly believing in these powers of precious stones and being so fortunate as to possess one or more, should go forth to meet dangers without fear? and this was indeed what often happened.

How these exquisite specimens of nature's handiwork came into existence is a question very difficult to answer.

We know of what they are composed, but, if we except the pearl, we know nothing of the process by which they arrive at perfection; this is a problem which must be left to future generations to solve.

It has been proved that the materials of which precious stones are made, are of the commonest and most plentiful, "and yet," says an old writer, "we think the very heavens concurred with the earth to their 'commixion,' and so the sun left part of his light shining in them."

The diamond which is so dazzling bright and so pure, is in reality nothing more or less than pure carbon; the ruby and the sapphire are composed almost entirely of clay; the emerald of sand or silica, while the pearl is formed of carbonate of lime.

This would strike us as most wonderful if we did not remember that out of the dust of the ground God made man, whose beauty and value are far above the diamond and the ruby.

A French writer says: "It would seem as though the mighty creative and organizing power had chosen to manifest its omnipotence by producing the most valuable substances from the most ordinary elements."

Take the Bible, and from beginning to end they occupy positions of high honor; on the breastplate of judgment they occupy four rows, and are mentioned by name; they were probably chosen because of special proprieties, and were evidently reverenced by the children of Israel.

It is a tradition that when God was at peace with His people, the light of heaven shone brightly on these stones; but that when His anger was kindled against them, a sombre darkness came over them all, but specially over the sapphire.

Ezekiel, referring to the splendor of Tyre, say, "Thou hast been in Eden the garden of God; every precious stone was thy covering, the sardius, topaz, and the diamond, the beryl, the onyx and the jasper, the sapphire, the emerald, and the carbuncle. . . . Thou hast walked up and down in the midst of stones of fire."

God speaks of his His children as His jewels.

In the vision which came to St. John in Patmos he saw a rainbow round about the throne, in sight like unto an emerald, and he saw that the twelve foundations of the wall of the New Jerusalem were garnished with all manner of precious stones.

It is not surprising that they should have been held in great veneration by the ancients, nor that they should have been endowed with many mystic powers by people of many nations; but it is a matter of wonder that many of these attributes and powers which the fancies of 5,000 years have decked them with, should cling about them even in this "common sense" nineteenth century.

To mention a few of these.

The ruby when worn as an amulet was supposed to protect the wearer against poison, evil thoughts and wicked spirits, and to give warning of coming danger.

The sapphire was believed to have an intense antipathy to vice and intemperance, and if worn by a person of bad habits it never displayed its full beauty.

According to the Persian system the globe is said to rest on a vast sapphire, the reflection of which colors the skies,

The emerald was endowed with very high attributes; it was the superstitious beliefs concerning this stone which suggested those beautiful lines of Miss Landon, commencing—

"It is the gem which hath the power to show
If plighted lovers keep their troth or no;
If faithful, it is like the leaves of spring;
If faithless, like those leaves when withering."

The opal at the time when the Romans were in their best periods of intelligence and refinement was eagerly sought for by them, as it was supposed to possess the power of warning against disaster and trouble.

AT 17 AND AT 75.—In subscribing for the SATURDAY EVENING POST, a very old friend writes from Sterling, Whiteside County, Illinois: Fifty-seven years ago in the village of New Holland, Lancaster County, Pa., a boy of seventeen summers, apprenticed himself to learn the tin-smith trade. These new environments suggested wants for mental entertainment, and the Philadelphia SATURDAY EVENING POST was subscribed for. The stories in its columns were eagerly read and discussed by the club with great relish and pleasure, forming associations never obliterated from the memory. And now at seventy-five years, what a rush of events are loosed from their moorings in the archives of the brain—demand recognition and pass in review, as worn out material of the ancient structures, then modern and indispensable in the up building of individual and national character. We were then a nation of footman and horseback riders; carriages and cooking stoves, sewing machines, harvesters, threshers were either in their infancy or unborn. Morse's telegraph was incomprehensible, railroads, locomotives were in their swaddling clothes. The post-riders, stage routes with four-horse coaches, and the great Conestoga wagons with six horses and many small bells attached to the housings, were the mercantile, mail, and despatch carriers, held in great esteem and importance in the successful business pursuits of life.

And what a time in rural social life. Apple parings, wakes with the dead, great warnings of death and funeral, great funeral dinners, huge butchering bees, shooting off the old year, barring out the schoolmaster; don't you smile at the escapades? Debating school, singing school crowded to suffocation, the bass fiddle, the musical instrument. Enjoy it? The thrill of pleasure is quite sensitive now.

From these modest and humble surroundings, has arisen, through the agency of faith, miraculous transformations from physical forces to that of spiritual man, endowed with power which, when applied to material wants, develope creative genius which in appearance leads the mind to believe that man's intellectual forces can rise almost co-equal with that of the Redeemer.

* * *

HIS CHANCE.—Some time ago five leading vocalists, engaged by a well-known operatic impresario for a tour through South America, met for the first time on board the ocean steamer in which their berths had been taken, and, in the course of conversation made the discovery, greatly to their surprise, that they were all tenors and members of the same company to boot.

Unable to conjecture what object the impresario could possibly have had in view in providing himself with five tenors, they betook themselves in a body to his cabin and respectfully demanded an explanation of such unwonted lavishness in their particular line.

"Do not trouble yourselves, gentlemen, about my arrangements," replied the enterprising manager.

"I know what I am about perfectly well. Depend upon it, I shall want you all five. You will see soon after you get across, that three, if not four, of you will die of fever, and I shall depend upon the survivor, whoever he may be, for all my first tenor parts.

"Experience in tropical and sub tropical tours has taught me the necessity of providing against accidents of this description. Besides, please to consider what a splendid professional prospect I am opening out to at least one of your number. Gentlemen, I wish you a very good morning."

THE DOCTOR.—In giving some curiosities of a country practice a medical writer in the Cornhill Magazine says, Politics were a subject I dread, for feeling ran rather high and a general election was at hand. I studiously concealed my own views, professed everywhere that my concern was with the ills of my patients, not with those of my country, and flattered myself that I could easily avoid taking sides. It did not prove so simple as I thought. One morning a woman came to see me.

"Well, what's the matter?" I said a little sharply—for I was just going out, and my horse was standing.

"Please sir, 'tis the voting," she said, humbly.

"Deuce take the voting!" I cried, impatiently. "What has it to do with me?"

"Well, sir, I thought perhaps you'd not mind saying which way you were going to vote yourself."

"No, no," I said. "I can't do that. But what on earth do you want to know for? I might as well ask you which way your husband means to vote!"

"Augh, sir, that's what we want to know!' the woman exclaimed. "Richard, that's my husband, sir, says he won't vote at all, so I tell'd 'm the Lord had geven he a vote, and 't 'ud be wecked sin of a dedn't use 'n and help save the country; so a listened—as a has to when I'm speaking—and at last he says, "Well, Gracey, just to please 'ee, I'll vote with the doctor." "Tha gret timdoodle," I says—"how do I know which way the doctor'll vote?"

"Goo and ask!" says Richard; so I just looked in."

"My good woman," I said, "I can't tell you how I mean to vote; and, if I did, very probably your husband would go the other way."

"Would he!" she said, with a truculent laugh. "Trust me."

But I sent her away, and told her nothing. A few days afterwards a boy came in to see me. He was but a little fellow, almost a dwarf, though eighteen years old; and his stature was the subject he wanted to consult me about. He said that ten years before he had robbed a wren's nest by mistake, so that of course he had never grown since. I could do nothing for him; but I heard afterwards that, if he had buried the young birds in a churchyard at midnight, it is probable, if not certain, that the spell would have been broken, and he would have grown again!

QUEER IDEAS ABOUT SLEEP.—The natives of the Philippine Islands have many peculiar notions and practices. They are indolent in the extreme, and never tire of sitting still and gazing at nothing in particular.

One of the rudest acts, in their eyes, is to step over a person asleep on the floor. Sleeping in, with them, a very solemn matter. They are strongly averse to waking anyone, the idea being that during sleep the soul is absent from the body, and may not have time to return if slumber is suddenly broken.

To get a servant to rouse you, you must give him the strictest of orders. Then at the time appointed he will stand by your side and call, "Senor! senor!" repeatedly, each time more loudly than before, until you are half awake; then, after waiting a little while, he will return to the low note and again raise his voice gradually till you are fully conscious.

ADVANTAGES OF WEDLOCK.—None but the married man has a home in his old age. None has friends, then, but he; none but he knows and feels the solace of the domestic hearth; none but he lives and freshens in his green old age, amid the affections of his children.

There is no tear shed for the old bachelor; there is no ready hand and kind heart to cheer him in his loneliness and bereavement; there is none in whose eyes he can see himself reflected, and from whose lips he can receive the unfailing assurances of care and love.

He may be courted for his money; he may eat and drink and revel; and he may sicken and die in an hotel or a garret, with plenty of attendants about him, like so many cormorants waiting for their prey; but he will never know what it is to be loved, and to live and die amid a loved circle. He can never know the comforts of the domestic fireside.

HIS REASON.—A French soldier is placed on sentry over a 64-pounder. When, two hours later, the guard comes to relieve him, he is not at his post, and is only found after some trouble, in a wine shop.

"You scoundrel!" says the officer of the guard. "Is that the way you keep watch over the cannon committed to your care?"

"Well, captain," says the soldier, "don't you see, I figured the matter up and I found it would take at least twenty men to move that gun. Suppose one or two came along, they couldn't do any harm; but, if there were enough of them carry it away, do you think I could prevent them—beat twenty of them myself?"

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THE NEW WOMAN.

New woman aspires to reach man's position,
But she'll not catch the man, we're afraid;
For when she's attained to her cherished ambition
The new woman will die an old maid.

A large amount of tobacco is carried by the pipe line.

"Beware of imitation," as the monkey said to the masher.

Figures that don't lie—Standing dummies in a tailor's shop.

Grass is usually green, but there isn't anything green about a grass widow.

Tourist, on Swiss lake: Has any one ever been drowned in this lake?

Rower: Oh, yes; but only tourists.

"They tell me you have some money left you?" said Jackson. "Yes," replied Slimhead, sadly, "it left me long ago."

A chemist says wood can be made palatable and nourishing. It will not startle many to announce that good board can be got out of saw-logs.

"Are you interested in golf, Mrs. Jennings?" asked young Simpkins, after racking his brains for something to say.

"I'm not familiar with his work at all, replied the old lady. "What has he written?"

Instructor, examining geometrical figures on board: I don't understand these constructions.

Student: Very well; I'll see you after lecture and explain them to you.

"Why do you set your cup of coffee on the chair, Mr. Jones?" asked a worthy landlady one morning at breakfast.

"It's so very weak, ma'am," replied Jones, "I thought I would let it rest."

An old coachman, who was extolling the sagacity of one of his horses the other day, concluded by saying that, "If any one was to go and ill-use him, he (the horse) would bear malice just like a Christian."

Mr. Watts: It seems queer that elephants should be so afraid of mice.

Mrs. Watts: I don't see anything queer in it at all. The elephant is one of the most intelligent of quadrupeds.

The report of a local hospital recently announced that "notwithstanding the large amount of money expended for medicine and medical attendance, there were but few deaths during the year."

"I'm going to be a contortionist when I grow up," said little Johnny, proudly. "I'm in training now, so I want you to tell me what is the best thing for me to eat."

"Green apples, my boy," chuckled the old man.

"What is the meaning of this great sorrow?" asked a late-comer at a popular entertainment. "What is the audience weeping for?"

"Professor Bangs, the elocutionist," whispered the usher, as he wiped his eyes, "has just finished reciting a humorous poem."

"Hello, Charlie, what are you doing—moving?" asked one young man of another whom he met with a big valise in his hand.

"I've just commenced my vacation."

"Your holiday?"

"Yes. I'm vacating at the request of my landlord."

"Oh no, ma'am," pleaded the tramp; "you may think my life all sunshine, but it ain't. Wherever I go I am beset by dangers. In short, ma'am I carry my life in my hands."

"Ah, I see!" exclaimed the temporary hostess; "that accounts for your not washing your hands. You don't dare do it for fear you'll drown yourself."

Young mother, whose baby has been weighed by the butcher: And how much does the little fellow weigh, Mr. Bullwinkle?

Butcher: Twenty pounds, mum.

Young mother: Isn't he a splendid specimen?

Butcher (dubiously): Well, from my p'nt of view, mum, he runs too much to suet.

"Sir," said a gentleman in a crowd, "do you know that you are pushing me unnecessarily?"

"Sir," said the gentleman addressed to the party immediately behind him. "Do you know that you are pushing the gentleman ahead of me unnecessarily?" Then he turned to the first speaker and said, "I've passed it down the line."

Scene: A street in Bradford—(Mr. Rosino de Belleville meets a friend):

Friend: I'se comin' to see the ploy act tonoet, Jack, and I'se goin' to pay my brass.

Jack: You needn't pay; I shall be glad to see you, old man.

Friend: Nay, that wudna do! I'll pay my brass. If your friends won't pay to see you who will?

A tender-hearted cleric while meandering around a Board School recently asked a boy who has just scrambled through his final examination what trade he was going to be put to.

"Butchering, sir," replied the lad.

"But surely you wouldn't like to kill the poor sheep and lambs!" warbled the parson.

"No," replied the cute youth, "I shouldn't like to kill the poor 'uns, but I should like to kill the fat 'uns, sir!"

SURNAMES.—A curious custom, which was prevalent among our ancestors even as late as the seventeenth century, gave rise to a large number of surnames. It was the custom of wearing patches on the face, which originated with the ladies of the Court, who wore plasters (hence the word "court-plaster") cut into the shape of crescents, stars, circles, diamonds, hearts, crosses.

Some went so far as to patch their faces with a coach-and-four, a ship in full sail, a chateau, and many such things. From this curious circumstance came the names Cross, Ship, Castle, Trump, Shear, Clock, Coulter, Sickles, Vane, Pear, Flagg, Crow, Crabb, &c.

A considerable number of surnames are derived from the occupations in which the original holders of the names engaged. The Wymplers made wimples or neckerchief for the women.

The Hunters of course were the Nimrods of mediæval England, and the Bakers were those who furnished loaves to satisfy England's hunger.

The Baxters however owe their name to those plucky English dames who did not hesitate to earn a livelihood by thrusting barley into ovens, even though their toil gave them the name of "bakester."

Of course the Mercers were originally merchants. Every cathedral had its sextons, gardeners, turners of beads for prayer, masons, painters, carpenters, gilders, and carvers, and these assumed the name of their respective trades for their surnames.

Such also was the case with the joiners, sawyers, farmers, saddlers, bowyers (bowmakers), archers, wheelers (wheel-makers) ropers (rope-makers), plumers (feather-makers).

INTELLECT FOR GOOD AND EVIL.—As success in any undertaking demands a constant correction of mistakes and avoidance of the past faults, it must largely hinge upon a retentive memory of pains and pleasures. It is an important element of that practical knowledge which is so much needed.

The present pang or the present joy, though powerful in its influence, is transient, but its remembrance is permanent, and guarantees a steady continuance of actions that were at first eagerly performed.

The mind is thus set to work, not spasmodically, but steadfastly and patiently, to sift the causes, to find the connections, and to study the principles of the past successes or failures; and this knowledge is applied with directness and energy to the purpose in hand. Professor Bain calls this faculty "the intellect for good and evil," in distinction from the proper "knowledge intellect."

He says "even high science may leave a man very stupid for practice; the non-appreciation of the ends, principal and subordinate, that are the essence of practical life renders the best knowledge worthless. It is the lack of susceptibility to ends, to the evils to be avoided and the good to be compassed, that we denounce as the want of common sense, which may concur with intellectual brilliancy. The knowledge of things is but an adjunct to the knowledge of ends.

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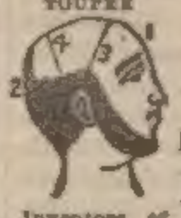
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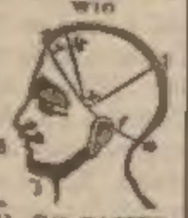
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No. 3. Over forehead as far as required.	No. 3. From ear to ear over the top.
No. 4. Over the crown of the head.	No. 4. From ear to ear round the forehead.

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Leave 24th and Chestnut Sts., 3.55, 8.08, 9.10, 10.15, 11.14 a m, 12.57 (Dining car), 2.38, 3.45, 5.12, 8.10 (dining car), 11.45 p m. Sunday 3.55, 8.08, 10.15 a m, 12.14, 3.45, 6.12, 8.10 (dining car), 11.45 p m.

Leave New York, foot of Liberty street, 4.30, 8.00, 9.00, 10.00, 11.30 a m, 1.30, 2.30, 3.30, 4.30 (two-hour train), 5.00, 6.00, 7.30, 8.45 10.00 p m, 12.15 night. Sundays—4.30 9.00, 10.00, 11.30, a m, 2.30, 4.00, 5.00, 6.00 p m, 12.15 night.

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For Reading—Express, 8.35, 10.00 a m, 12.45, 4.00, 6.00, 11.30 p m. Accom., 4.20, 7.42 a m, 1.42, 4.35, 5.22, 7.20 p m. Sunday—Express 4.00, 9.05 a m, 11.30 p m. Accom., 7.20 a m, 6.00 p m.

For Lebanon and Harrisburg—Express, 8.35, 10.00 a m, 4.00, 6.00 p m. Accom., 4.20 a m, 7.20 p m. Sunday—Express, 4.00, 7.30 a m.

For Pottsville—Express, 8.35, 10.00 a m, 4.00, 6.00, 11.30 p m. Accom., 4.20, 7.42 a m, 1.42 p m. Sunday—Express, 4.00, 9.05 a m, 11.30 p m. Accom., 6.00 p m.

For Shamokin and Williamsport—Express, 8.35, 10.00 a m, 4.00 11.30 p m. Sunday—Express, 9.05 a m, 11.30 p m. Additional for Shamokin—Express, week-days, 6.00 p m. Accom., 4.20 a m. Sundays—Express, 9.05 a m.

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Leave Chestnut Street and South Street Wharves: Week-days—Express, 9.00, a m, 2.00, 4.00, 5.00, p m. Accommodation, 8.00 a m, 4.30, 6.30 p m. Sundays—Express, 9.00, 10.00 a m. Accommodation, 8.00 a m, 4.45 p m.

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is SAPOLIO

=Try a cake of it, and be convinced.=

COMMON SOAP *fails to accomplish satisfactory results in scouring and cleaning, and necessitates a great outlay of time and labor, which more than balances any saving in cost. Practical people will find SAPOLIO the best and cheapest soap for house-cleaning and scouring.*